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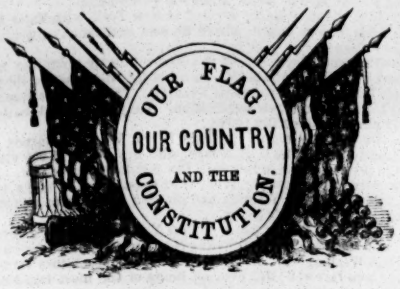

OUR FLAG.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JOHN COOPER VAIL.

I.

Raise our banner aloft with its Heaven born splendor,
So true patriot hearts can true glory behold—
And faith in the glance of Jehovah will render
Such light as redeemed the apostle of old.

II.

The voice of the people—Columbia's Messiah—
Long hushed in the roar of dark anarchy's sea—
Will raise up triumphant a pillar of fire,
The God-kindled guide of the fearless and free.

III.

'Tis not written on high that the Sampson of nations—
By treachery shorn—shall grope helpless in gloom:
That the death throe will crumble our country's foundations,
And glory and shame build Columbia's tomb.

IV.

For Rome, when the kingdoms of earth were her dower,
And Greece, when her fame had illumined the world,
Ne'er wore such a halo of honor and power
As gleams 'round our Star Spangled Banner unfurled.

V.

And when that proud emblem by traitors is riven,
For which our forefathers so gallantly bled,
The trumpet of judgment should startle high Heaven,
And call on Mount Vernon to waken its dead!

VI.

Columbia—thou Pharos on Time's mighty ocean—
Though lashed by wild billows of treason and fraud—
Let the spirit of truth guard thy flag with devotion,
For truth wears the shield and proof-armor of God.

VII.

The lost stars of brightness that from it dissever
Will mourn their estate with the free and the brave,
When they sink in the blackness of darkness forever,
And shed their last rays over Liberty's grave.

THE

ACTRESS OF FORTUNE,

AND THE BALLET GIRL:

OR,

THE PRICE OF VIRTUE

WITH A SECRET LEAGUE.

A Tale of Crime and Criminals.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY H. T. ROGERS, ESQ.,

Author of "The Invisible Thief," &c.

CHAPTER XX.

The Flight—Terrors Within, and Storm Without—What Shall We Do?—Jerry Slope's Crib—Jealousy—Old Times—Domestic Felicity, "Over the Left"—Woman's Curiosity—Perplexity and Recrimination—The Fruits of Eaves-Dropping—$500 Reward—Avarice vs Licentiousness—Mr. Slope and Mrs. Burroughs—Mrs. S. and the Major—Double-Barrelled Double Dealing—A Woman's Tact at Crime—Mysterious Hints of Danger—"Gone Out for a Walk"—The Secret Spring and Passage—The Fugitives' Escape—The Police and Mrs S.—Fearful Episode of Drunkenness—Pursued, and Jerry "Down in the Mouth."

ALTHOUGH Mr. Burroughs before his death, in reply to Thomas' question, seemingly indicated his wife as his murderess, such was not the literal meaning of his words; he only wished to inform his servant that it was through her means he had been wounded. Major Ward gave him the fatal blow.

When the horrible deed was consummated, Ward and Mrs. Burroughs hurried into the street, knowing that the murder could not remain long unknown.

As they walked quickly down Fifth avenue, it commenced to rain, and their garments were saturated; thus they were not only tormented inwardly by remorse, but were outwardly as chilled and comfortless as it was possible to be. The grocer's *widow*, with her silk dress clinging about her form, resembled more one of the outcast daughters of sin, than a lady accustomed to all the graces and refinements of good society. Little did they who had praised her loveliness that night, dream that the fair *debutante* was at that moment wandering through the public thoroughfares, not knowing where she would find repose. Life may appear calm and placid on the surface, but too often there is an undercurrent of woe and agony which the superficial looker on cannot perceive.

"Where are you going?" finally asked Mrs. Burroughs, as they turned into Broadway.

"To a safe place, but not a very select one. You have heard of Baxter street?"

"Yes."

"Well, that is our destination."

"To a hotel?"

"No, not exactly; but it will serve our purpose better than the St Nicholas or any other house."

"Explain yourself, Manly."

"That can be briefly done. An old chum of mine—one Jerry Slope—lives in that street, or rather did live there a couple of years ago; if we find him at home, he will give us a safe haven until this storm blows over and the sun shines out again."

"What storm?"

"The murder—you have not forgotten it."

"Do you think Burroughs is dead?" enquired the lady.

"He must have a constitution stronger than Hercules, if he is not. When a knife enters a man where my knife entered him, the sexton may expect a call at any moment."

"Oh! this is dreadful!"

"It is not agreeable by any manner of means; I wish we had an umbrella."

"I don't refer to the weather; the whole city will be ringing to-morrow with the assassination of Mr. Burroughs, and I—I—shall be proclaimed his murderess. I would rather be dead than—"

"There," broke in the Major, "what's the use of these lamentations? We can't bring your excellent husband to life again, and it's ridiculous to bother ourselves any more about him."

"Would that he had not been torn away so suddenly, so violently; he did not merit such a destiny."

"Strange that you should begin to appreciate his good qualities after his death," said Ward in a sneering tone.

"Do not mock me; it was you—you—who brought this misery upon me."

"How so?"

"Had you not intruded yourself on my presence to-night, I would not now be homeless and husbandless."

"You cannot justly term it an intrusion, Mrs. Burroughs. I begged to be admitted to you, and the request was granted; nothing more. The invitation to visit your house certainly emanated from yourself."

"Yes, yes, it was my own folly."

"It would be better for me had I refused your proffered kindness—one mark less would be scored up against me. But it's always my accursed luck; when there's any trouble around, I'm sure to have a hand in it."

"Let us drop the subject; it alarms me. Can't we obtain a carriage?"

"No, and I would not get one if I could; the driver might furnish a clue to our retreat. People that want to ride in carriages should never draw upon themselves the enmity of justice. I do verily think the drivers are in league with the police to trap unwary criminals."

They trudged on side by side, and the rain still poured down as if it would never stop.

"You must get out of town as quick as you can," resumed the Major, "for there will be a mighty sharp hunt after you."

"You will go?"

"That's not yet decided; nobody but yourself can ever accuse me of making away with your husband."

"My God! you will not desert me now? What could I do alone?"

"Well, well, we'll see about it. I have no objection to a trip out West. By the way, won't Temple be surprised? won't the 'dear public' be surprised? They are not blessed with such an exciting topic for conversation every day. Those newspaper men, too, that I fell in with in the green-room; every one of them will swear they saw the devil in your eye, and that if ever cruelty and a thirst for blood were written on human face, they were written on yours. The worthy 'Gentlemen of the Press'—how they will moralize over your degradation."

"Enough! spare your jokes for a more fitting occasion, or you may acknowledge that I am a fiend indeed."

"Pooh! I am only jesting."

"And I am *not* jesting."

Baxter street.

They stopped before a small, mean-looking house, with but little to distinguish it from its fellows in the same row.

"Here we are," said Ward, "but if Jerry Slope has shifted his quarters, we must travel still further."

He knocked at the door. One of the top windows was opened, and a man looked out.

"Who's there?"

"So that's you, Slope?" replied the Major.

"Yes."

"Come down; it's an old friend."

"Your name?"

"Jim Manly."

The proprietor of the house disappeared from the window, and his footsteps were presently audible in the hall. Drawing back the fastenings of the door, he desired his visitors to enter.

"What! ain't you dead yet?" he exclaimed, as the light streamed across the Major's countenance."

"No, and I don't intend to die for many years. How is the old woman?"

"Oh! Mrs. Slope—she's as well as ever, and as fond of rum as—"

"—Her husband."

"You're mistaken there; I've reformed, and signed the pledge."

"Indeed! when did you learn to write?"

"I made my mark. But I say, who's that with you?"

"My wife."

"You don't mean it. She's pretty, she is. Now, Jim, I would'nt mind trading with you. Peggy would be willing; she was always fond of you."

Mrs. Burroughs could not repress the gesture of disgust which this proposition excited.

Jerry remarked it.

"You don't appear to fancy me much."

"Come, come," interposed the Major, "we are wet and tired, and you had better make us comfortable for the night."

Mr. Slope accordingly led them up stairs, and into a room facing the street. A fire was speedily lighted in the grate, and Mrs Burroughs and her paramour were then left to themselves. Their host retraced his steps to his own apartment, where his better half was in bed.

She rose on her elbow as he entered, displaying the features of a woman about twenty-nine; her appearance was by no means unprepossessing, but there was a reckless and dissipated air about her which fully sustained her husband's assertion of her attachment to the bottle.

Slope himself was short and strongly built, with staring, prominent eyes which seemed to be undecided whether they would hop out or remain in their sockets. He was of a villainous and forbidding aspect, and might have served as an admirable model for a statue of iniquity. This excellent couple were connected with thieves and law breakers of every stripe, and squeezed a living from the connection.

"What's up?" demanded Mrs. Slope.

"Why, the most curious thing in the world; Jim Manley's come back."

"What?" cried the female, starting from the bed, "Jim Manley in New York!"

"He's in this house."

"Well, I declare, that *is* news. Where have you put him? I'd just like to take a look at him."

"You ain't going to take no look at him to-night; so, get into bed."

"Why not?"

"Because he's married."

"Married!"

"Yes, and his wife's with him."

"What sort is she, Jerry?"

"A beauty, and no mistake; but I guess it's all gammon about their marriage. She looks like a woman who has mixed with more respectable people than Jim Manley."

"Respectable!" screamed Mrs. Slope, getting under cover again; "he's good enough for her or anybody else. But you always were down on him—always."

"And I *will* be down on him if you commence any of your tricks."

"What tricks?" asked Mrs. Slope, elevating her heels.

"You understand me; I ain't going to have him hanging round you all day, as he used to do."

"We'll see that."

"Very good, there will be a coroner's inquest in the house. If he meddles with my wife, I'll—I'll—meddle with his."

"Why, no woman could bear you, Jerry; you're a regular fright."

"Am I?"

"Put out the light—do—or I'll take you for a ghost."

"Don't be alarmed; a ghost would be hard up for female society who'd think of loitering around *your* bedside. Such charms would drive him away quicker than he came."

"I wish they'd drive you away; will I never be clear of you?"

"Never!" sententiously answered Jerry, putting on his nightcap.

In the morning Mrs. Slope saw her old flame and his mistress, and she extended to them a very warm welcome; Mrs. Burroughs was even more disgusted with Peggy's vulgarity than with the offensive admiration of her lord and master; she could pardon the amorous grins of the latter, but the free and easy address of the former was not to be endured.

"You're just the same old two and sixpence, Jim," exclaimed Mrs. Slope.

"Just the same, Peggy."

"Lord! I expected as much to see Adam as to see you. Where have you been all this time?"

"In the wars, with General Walker. He made me a Major, and I am now styled, in good society, Major Ward."

"Why not Major Manly?"

"Oh! every one takes a new name down there—a *nom de guerre*, as they say; then, if one happens to become famous, nobody can tarnish his fame by raking up and repeating old stories."

"That's a first rate plan, indeed. Slope ought to visit that country, and do a little fighting. It would be no matter, however, what name he went under, for when he is seen once, he can never be forgotten."

Here the object of her sarcasm shuffled into the room. He saluted Mrs. Burroughs with a sweeping bow, winked at the Major, and tapped his wife on the back. Peggy was astonished at his unusual cleanliness; he had on a clean shirt, a pretty good coat, and had even made an attempt at polishing his boots, in which his success however was by no means encouraging.

"Well, Manly," he enquired, after giving sufficient time to admire his exterior, "how is it that we have the honor of receiving you? You were not used to such poor accommodations as we can provide."

"True, but absence has somewhat dulled my recollections of the city; and as your house first occurred to me, I came here. We will manage to make ourselves at home for a couple of days, and then we will be off."

"You want to keep shady, eh?"

"Yes, we do."

"Ah! Jim, I'm afraid you've been getting into scrapes."

"Nothing of the kind, upon my honor."

"How long are you married?" put in Mrs. Slope.

Mrs. Burroughs darted a spiteful glance upon the speaker.

"How long? let me see—it must be nearly two months since the knot was tied."

"With all respect for the ladies," ventured the master of the house, "marriage is an abominable state."

"And with all respect for the men," added his rib, "we are both of the same mind. Women are very silly, ma'am, when they surrender their liberty."

"You have certainly no cause for sorrow," said the Major; "Slope and yourself live together like turtle doves."

"How do turtle doves live together?"

"Like angels, if there be any truth in the song."

"Now I ask you, ma'am, does Slope look like a turtle dove?"

"Not much, I must confess."

"Ha! ha! ha! I believe not; he's more like a grizzly bear than any thing else," and Peggy laughed until she nearly tumbled from the chair.

After dinner Mr. Slope went out to attend to some business, and his wife was occupied in looking after household matters. But, if he truth must be told, the Major and his reputed bride caused her more anxiety than her domestic arrangements.

"There's something in the wind," she mused, "and my name's not Peggy Slope if I don't nose it out. This woman is no more his wife than I am. I think I might steal up to their door a minute, and listen. But if Manly detects me, what excuse can I offer? None at all, there must be no mystery in this house unless I consent to it."

Having thus relieved her mind, she took her way up stairs.

The hours passed slowly for Ward and Mrs. Burroughs—the latter dreaded every moment to hear the newsboys shouting her name in the street.

"The murder must be known by this time," she said.

"Yes, to the police and the coroner; but the public at large are still ignorant of it."

"He may recover, after all."

"Banish that delusion from your mind. Burroughs is in 'kingdom come' now, or he is more than mortal."

"When shall we be able to quit this place? These people are hateful to me, and seem to be very inquisitive."

"You're right there; I wouldn't trust Slope as far as I could swing a bull by the tail."

"Would they betray us?"

"They'd betray their own flesh and blood—why not us? If I mistake not, there is a standing reward of five hundred dollars offered by the Mayor for the arrest and conviction of murderers. Slope would sell his soul for gold, and his wife is nearly as avaricious."

"I tremble at the risk we are running."

"It is a great risk indeed, and I am sorry now we came here at all."

"Let us fly at once," said Mrs. Burroughs, rising.

"Pshaw! that would be only inviting destruction. Here we are, and here we must remain until the peril decreases."

"Couldn't we set out on our journey to-night?"

"No," replied Ward gloomily; "I know something about these things; every boat, every car will be thoroughly overhauled before it departs. It would be tempting fate to stir abroad."

"Oh! why did I ever listen to the words of my evil genius?"

"Your evil genius! who may that be?"

"Temple, the manager—curse him."

"Curse him, with all my heart; but cheer up, you're not the biggest sinner in the world, be assured. Compared with me, you are innocence personified. Your husband brought his death upon himself; why did he not permit you to do as you pleased? Courage, I say; there are bright moments yet in store, and you will have a lifetime for repentance."

"No, I cannot hope so."

"I will not desert you, and when I tell you that, I mean it. You say truly that I am the cause of your suffering, and, curse me, as that is the case, if I don't stand by you to the last. If we can give the detectives the go-by, we'll lead a different life hereafter. There—don't cry."

"Perhaps I did wrong, after all, in leaving home, suspicion might not have fallen on me."

"Don't deceive yourself; the evidence of your guilt will be overwhelming."

"But I am not guilty."

"What of that? Burroughs and you were always wrangling and quarrelling; then the scene in the green-room—witnessed by the manager and many others:—I tell you, all tongues would accuse and condemn you."

"But it is not likely that a woman could overpower a man, and kill him."

"Not when he is off his guard? Remember the trial of Mrs D——; she had strength enough to send her enemy from the world, and you are every bit as muscular as she was."

Crouching at the door, not a little of the above discourse escaped Mrs Slope; her ear drank in every word, and her heart bounded with exultation at each pregnant sentence. She passed silently away, holding, as she thought, the lives of two fellow-creatures in her hand.

"Ha! he would'nt trust us—not even as far as he could swing a bull by the tail. He is welcome to his opinion, and I have mine also. My opinion is, that he and this Mrs. Burroughs will sleep to night in a worse dwelling than Jerry Slope's. He used to doat on me so, too—and now behold the change. If it was himself alone, I'd not lift a finger against him, but this woman—I hate her."

While this amiable being was yet communing with herself, her husband entered, holding an evening paper in his hand. It was now a little after four o'clock.

"Another murder!" he exclaimed; "that's the third this week. This time it is a millionaire—one of the big-bugs of the Fifth Avenue. Murdered by his wife—would'nt buy her a new carriage, I suppose."

"What are you talking about?"

"Listen!" replied the other.

He began to read aloud:—

"It becomes our painful melancholy duty to give the particulars of a fearful tragedy enacted early this morning in the very heart of the metropolis. Mr. Peter Burroughs, formerly engaged in the wholesale grocery business, was found dead in his wife's room having been stabbed in the side. It appears that the deceased and Mrs. Burroughs had lived on bad terms for a long time past, on account of the lady's wasteful and extravagant conduct; she was continually importuning him for money, and is supposed to have lavished immense sums on unprincipled men whose society she preferred to that of her husband. Mr. Burroughs at last declined to uphold her in this ruinous course any longer, and the consequence of his praiseworthy resolution is now before us. He was discovered by his servant, Thomas Kane, before life had departed, and with his last breath proclaimed his wife as his murderess. These are all the facts that our reporters have been able to collect; in our morning edition we will give a full and veracious account of this sad occurrence. A rumor is now gaining ground that Mrs. Burroughs is no other than Miss Barton, whose brilliant *debut*, at Mr. Temple's theatre, we chronicled to-day.

Slope folded up the paper.

"There—what do you say to that?"

"I expected it."

"How! you expected it?"

"Even so."

"My dear woman, you have been drinking."

"You lie, I'm as sober as ever I was."

"That's not saying much. But how could you have expected this intelligence?"

"Because I have ears."

"And mighty long ones; but that's no reason—I have ears myself."

"Yes, but you hear nothing; you have eyes, but you see nothing. I can both hear and see."

"Well, Peggy," said Slope, becoming interested by her mysterious air, what have you heard?"

"A palaver between those who gave Mr. Burroughs his quietus."

"How?—when?—where?"

"Half an hour ago, under this very roof."

"Impossible!"

"Under this very roof, I repeat."

"Ah! I begin to see what you're driving at. Can Jim's mistress be—"

"Not a doubt of it; Manly styled her Mrs. Burroughs several times."

"Very good for your ears. And now for your eyes, Peggy. What have you seen?"

"I have seen—or rather, I only fancied I saw—the five hundred dollars reward."

"That would be something worth looking at."

"We must have it."

"And we will too, unless—unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless the lady up-stairs can pay us better for keeping the secret."

"Pay us better?"

"She may have plenty of cash—she must have."

"It would never do to threaten Manly."

"No, he is a regular hyena when his passion is aroused."

"Therefore, Jerry, we must keep him in the background."

"How can I see her alone?"

"They do not know of your return to the house; I will go and ask Jim to come down here, and read some letters. There's one from Bill Peet, in California, and he will be glad to learn how his old friend is getting on."

"The ruse is not the best in the world, but we must have recourse to it for want of a better. Be lively. Here, let us have some brandy first; it will give us nerve for the business."

Jerry took a huge swallow, but his wife surpassed him, and the tears came into her eyes.

"Ha! now be off."

Mrs. Slope departed on her mission, and Mr. Slope rolled himself into a lump behind a large box in the hall.

Their stratagem succeeded admirably; Manly descended to the parlor, and Mrs Burroughs was thus left open to Jerry's extortion. He had been much impressed with the lady's beauty, and said to himself the previous night that, if she could be induced to bestow upon him a tender and loving glance, he would be the happiest man in Baxter street.

There is one passion which, more than any other, rules the soul of every man, and influences the most important moments of his life. But Jerry was superior to common humanity—he had two great passions. These were avarice and licentiousness, or the love of carnal pleasures. The tell-tale bump at the back of his head, just between the ears, was largely developed. These two great passions of which I speak, frequently conflicted and ran counter to each other. They were like the flend and conscience to Launcelot Gobbo, in the Merchant of Venice. The former urged him to do one thing; the second prompted him to do another. Avarice advised Jerry to deliver up his lodgers at once, and pocket the reward; its opponent bade him first divulge his tender desires to Mrs. Burroughs. Licentiousness gained the day. It was a noble victory too, for, notwithstanding what he had said to Peggy, he had but little hope of wringing any "tin" from the widow.

Having thus taken a peep at the feelings which stirred within him, we will see how he fared in his wooing.

Shortly after the Major proceeded down stairs, Mrs. Burroughs was disturbed in her reveries by a thump at the door.

"Come in."

And in he went—the pure minded Jerry.

"What is it?" asked the lady in a sharp voice.

Slope summoned to his countenance the most persuasive and significant smile he could command, and replied:—

"Don't speak in such a high key, my dear."

"Don't 'dear' me, sir. What can you require? Retire immediately, or I will call for help."

"If you do, you'll regret it. We will have a private chat. There, now—don't fly into a rage."

"I will not allow you to force yourself upon me in this manner. Where is Mr. Manly?"

"Never mind Mr. Manly; Mrs. Slope is entertaining him pleasantly enough, I'll warrant. You ought to be a little more agreeable with me; you'd lose nothing by it."

"Begone, sir; you have no business here."

"More than you have," said Jerry, dropping his bantering tone, and suddenly becoming stern and dignified; "you should be in the Tombs."

"In the Tombs!"

"Yes, Mrs. Burroughs, in the Tombs."

"My God! you know me, then."

"I know all about you. Nothing very singular in that—I know nearly everybody *in your line*."

"*In my line?*"

"Yes," and Jerry drew his hand across his throat. "Ha! ha! don't worry yourself, my dear; I was positive we'd soon come to an understanding."

He took her hand.

"Stand off, sir. Oh! heaven, to be in the power of such a man as this!"

"Truly, you have much to be thankful for. If it was anybody else, you wouldn't be sitting here. Come, give us a kiss."

"No, no, no!"

"You are aware (or you are not aware?) that five hundred dollars will be given for your apprehension."

"Oh! horror!"

"Of course, it's too little. However, if you've got the trifle about you, this matter will be settled at once."

"I have not so much in the world—I am nearly penniless."

"That's bad—justice must not be defeated."

"Have mercy! in a few days I will obtain the sum you mention, indeed I will."

"That won't suit me; I must have it now, or—"

"Can nothing move you to pity?" cried the lady, weeping.

"Yes, one thing."

"What?"

He whispered in her ear.

"Never, never!" she exclaimed, shrinking from his touch.

"Very well, I go to denounce you."

"Help, help!"

"Another cry, *another cry!* and I'll send a bullet through your heart. Decide at once—accept my terms, or your doom is sealed."

A terrible struggle began in the soul of Mrs. Burroughs, while Jerry calmly awaited an answer.

At the end of a minute:—

"Have you decided?"

"Yes—I—I—"

"Well!"

"Do with me as you will."

While this was passing, the Major and Mrs. Slope were together. Ward thought there was something unusual in her manner, but made no comment on it. He perused Bill Peet's letter, and then his eye rested on the newspaper which Mr. Slope had carelessly left on the table. He picked it up.

"The murder of Mr. Burroughs—found dead—Thomas Kane—extravagance—morning edition—Miss Barton, &c., &c.

When he had read it, he glanced furtively at Mrs. Slope. She became very pale, and trembled visibly. What could this agitation mean? why should she tremble?

"This will create a great noise," he remarked.

"Just what I was saying to Slope," replied Peggy.

The brandy was doing its work.

"Then he has returned!" continued the Major, more and more alarmed.

"No—yes—that is, he was here, and went away again."

"Where to?"

"I don't know. He may be in the house yet."

An idea occurred to Ward; it was a deep game, and he resolved to play it.

The brandy was in his favor.

"Peggy, ain't you about tired of New York?"

"I am so."

The Major sat down beside her, and put his arm about her neck.

"You must know that I'm worth a pretty big pile now; I haven't been knocked from pillar to post for two years, without finding my advantage in it. No, no, I was too wise to go through the world with my eyes shut. I always had a leaning towards you, Peggy."

"So you had," she rejoined, leaning towards him, and playing with his watch chain.

"In fact, I came here for the purpose of seeing you. I have many friends in New York, but I preferred you among them all."

"Only to think of that, now!"

Mrs. Slope began to reflect, as far as the brandy would let her, that it would not be such a "big thing" after all, to betray the Major and Mrs Burroughs. The five hundred dollars would never do her much good, for her husband would spend the greater portion of it, if not the whole. On the other hand, Mr. Manly was pretty well off, he was not as ugly a man as Jerry, and she would not have the slightest objection to living with him. These considerations were irresistable.

"Would'nt Slope be in a fury to find me missing some fine morning."

"Would'nt he? Only say the word, and we'll start to-morrow."

"But, your wife!" objected Peggy.

"Bah! I've had enough of her—I'll shake her off."

"Didn't you promise to stick to her forever?"

"When?"

"Did'nt you?"

"Yes, but that was only a blind; I care nothing for her."

"Is that so Jim?"

Jim wished that he might be kicked into the regions of his satanic majesty if it were not so.

"I'll give her the slip; or, better yet—we'll leave her behind to console Jerry for your loss."

"Capital!"

The woman was completely duped. 'Oh! that man should put poison in his mouth to steal away his brains'—provided he has any.

Peggy's only anxiety now was to prevail upon her husband to keep his own council concerning the murder. If she could not do that, which she greatly feared, it would be best to reveal all to the Major, and put him on his guard.

"Jim," she said, after a pause.

"Peggy!"

"You are in danger."

"In danger!"

"Slope has penetrated your secret?"

"What secret?"

"The woman up-stairs is not your wife. She is—"

"Go on."

"She is the Mrs Burroughs spoken of in that Journal."

"You are right, Peggy she is. Now, you can perceive why I do not wish to be longer in company with her."

This was well put in on the Major's part.

"Slope is determined to give you up unless he can wring some-

thing from Mrs. Burroughs, and he is now with her for that purpose."

"Then your calling me down was—"

"Merely a scheme to get him an interview. He made me do it."

"The scoundrel! to play such pranks on an old friend. But you must not let him carry out his intention before to-morrow; then I will be safe, and you with me."

"I'll do my best, be certain."

"If he goes out again, let me know."

"Yes."

Having received this assurance, Ward arose. He encountered Slope in the Hall, and was almost inclined to spring on him, and strangle him then and there; but after a few commonplace sentences, they parted.

"Well," said Peggy to her husband, "how did you make out."

"Poorly. She ain't worth a tinker's curse, let alone five hundred dollars."

"What then?"

"They must be caged—that's all."

"But she might rake it somehow."

"Nonsense! who would lend it to her? Besides, she dare not go out in search of it."

"I've been turning the thing over in my head, and I've come to the conclusion that the wisest plan for us, is to let Jim escape."

"If one escapes, the other must."

"He would be revenged on us some day for our treachery."

"Manly's picked something out of her," thought Jerry.

"How can he be revenged," he resumed aloud, "when he is the inmate of a prison?"

"He might out."

"True, so he might."

"And it ain't nice of us either to go back on such an old acquaintance—now, is it?"

"No, I can't say that it is. But are you really convinced, Peggy, that it would be better to let them slip through our fingers?"

"Yes, I am."

"Then," said Slope to himself, "I have no time to lose."

His unhallowed lust satiated, avarice had resumed its sway, and he forgot all his vows to Mrs Burroughs.

Taking his hat, he told his wife he was going out to look around, and that he would be in for supper. It was now six o'clock, and quite dark. When the Major rejoined his mistress, he bade her get ready at once for departure.

"We are no longer in safety here, and must leave."

"Mr. Slope has just paid me a visit."

"I know it—what did he say?"

"I can scarcely recall his words; but he is aware of the murder, and asserts that I am—"

"And your answer?"

"He threatened to denounce us unless I handed over five hundred dollars; but I finally put him off."

"My dear Mrs. Burroughs, every moment is now of the greatest value. Make haste, and let us go."

During this speech Mrs. Slope joined them.

"You look troubled," she said.

"No, not at all," responded the Major; "Is Jerry below?"

"He's gone out for a walk."

"What is that you tell me? Gone out for a walk! he may turn his walk to good account. Why did you not detain him?"

"Tranquillize yourself, Jim—it's all right."

The Major advanced to the window, and looked out upon the street. All at once, he beheld several men approaching the house; Jerry was with them, and he distinguished also the blue coats and bright buttons of the police. The moon was at the full, and he could not be mistaken.

Turning quickly from the casement, he cried:—

"We are lost!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Slope.

"Your husband is at the door, and there are several officers along with him. But they will not take me alive."

"Manly!"

"Be quick—what is it?"

"Do you swear that you will not break the agreement you made with me?"

"I swear it."

"Good! I will save you yet."

Peggy touched a black spot on the wall, and a door flew open.

"Go in, go in; not even Jerry is aware of this closet; go in."

The Major wanted no second bidding; he dragged Mrs. Burroughs into the retreat.

"Do you see that knob?" continued Peggy.

"Yes."

"Press it, and you can enter the next house."

Ward closed the door.

Hardly was this effected when the police, headed by Mr. Slope, poured into the room. The birds were no longer in the nest, and a frown of disappointment contracted his brow.

"Where is Jim Manly? where is the grocer's widow?" he shouted.

"They left the house shortly after you did," said Peggy.

"It's false! they are here yet; don't believe her, gentlemen, I have not been absent five minutes."

"Come, woman, where have you hidden them?" asked one of the men.

"What are you questioning me for? I know nothing about them."

"That won't go down with us."

"I wish you were at the devil, and I could attend to my business. Such people as you, I never did see—running all over the city, kicking up a wonderful hullibulloo, and never arresting any body after all. You're only fit to be walking advertisements for tailor's—and that's the truth of it."

"There's no use in standing here—let us search the house."

"Yes, search the house," added Jerry, who was fearful his five hundred dollars were fleeing away from him.

One of the blue coats remained in the room—the others set about the task allotted them. High and low—from the garret to the cellar—in pantries, under tables—every where they spied, but nothing came of it, and Jerry was finally obliged to admit that his intended victims had "vamosed the ranche," and left him as poor as they found him. He seemed to think it a rather mean trick on the part of Manly not to allow himself to be nabbed, and cursed that individual up hill and down dale until he was black in the face.

"How long have you lived in this house?" demanded a policeman.

"About six years; but Peggy's lived in it all her life; it used to belong to her father."

"Oh! did it? Let us go up again to the room this Manly occupied."

When they reached it, they began a close examination of the floor and walls. Suddenly, one of them uttered a joyous exclamation; he had touched the spring, and the closet was disclosed.

The whole batch rushed in, locust in hand, but the place was empty.

Let us return to the Major's movements. After the policemen quitted the apartment, as related, he was about to press the knob indicated by Peggy, when his hand was arrested by the sound of voices. They came from the next house.

"I want money, I tell you," said some one whose tones were thickened by rum.

"But, my dear son, I have none; you know I have none; my last penny was spent this evening."

"No, now, you needn't say that to me. You've got it placed away somewhere. Fetch it out."

"Oh! what will I do? You won't go out again to-night?"

"Yes, I will. I ask you for the last time—give me some money."

"God help me! I have none to give."

"You won't, hey? If you don't, I'll smash this looking glass."

"Stop, my son, stop!"

"I shan't stop—here it goes."

Then followed a crash.

"Oh! Ned, you are driving me to despair."

"Dry up, or I'll smash you."

The Major waited to hear no more, but pressed the knob. The next moment he caught a young man by the neck, and held him firmly. The mother was too much confused to see from what part of the room he and Mrs. Burroughs had started.

"Who are you?" demanded the drunkard, a stalwart fellow of about twenty years.

"No matter who I am—that's not the question just now. What are you abusing your mother for?"

"Let me go, will you?"

"No, I won't let you go?"

"You'd better, now."

The Major only tightened his grip, and the other was as powerless as an infant in the arms of its nurse.

"You're a pretty son, ain't you? Getting drunk outside, and then staggering home to squabble with your poor old mother. Shame on you! If you want to fight, why don't you fight with those who are able and willing?"

"Don't hurt him, sir; Ned is good enough when he's sober."

Ned was nearly sobered already by the shaking he had received, and now hung down his head. Ward himself seemed to be much excited.

"Listen to me," he continued; "I am a man of the world, and, perhaps, a man of many crimes. But there is one thing that weighs upon my spirit more than any other. When I was your age I came home one night drunk—beastly intoxicated—and, in my drunken fury, struck my mother to the ground; then hurried away to drink again. God knows, I have much to answer for, but were it not for *that one blow*, I could sleep in peace, and laugh at conscience. That blow has reproached me ever since—I shall think of it when I am dying."

The Major's features were convulsed by the reflection he had conjured up, and a big tear rolled down his cheek. There is no man so bad as not to retain a spark of his boyish innocence.

Even Ned himself was affected by the speaker's earnestness.

"I was wrong!" he cried; "forgive me, mother, forgive me."

"Not so, my son, I have nothing to forgive. But promise me, in the presence of this gentleman, to drink no more."

"I do, I do! and may evil befall me if I forget the promise. Oh! sir, you have done me an inestimable service."

"Treat your mother kindly, and I will be rewarded."

The Major turned to go.

"Shall we see you again?"

"No! good night."

"Good night, and God bless you!"

Ward and Mrs. Burroughs quitted the apartment.

"I wonder who he is! Hark! what was that?"

While the old woman was yet speaking, the door in the wall opened again, and the police stood before them.

"Did a man and woman pass through here?"

"Yes, they—"

"No," interrupted Ned, "nobody passed through here."

His mother understood his generous motive in contradicting her, and was silent.

The officers did not wait to enquire further, but dashed out after the fugitives. But it was too late; they were nowhere to be seen, the five hundred dollars had assumed wings, and the soul of Jerry Slope was bowed down with grief.—To be Continued.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Questions sent in by Friday, will, if possible, be attended to in the succeeding issue of the CLIPPER. The vast amount of correspondence we are in receipt of, prevents us from attending to all immediately.

NORFOLK.—"A, B C and D, sit down to a game of Euchre, A deals; B, passes; C, passes; D, passes; when A certifies his intention of playing it alone. If B and D, who are partners, euchre him, how many points do they score? If, when A plays alone, B declares his intention of playing alone against A, thereby ruling his partner, D out, and B, euchre A, how many points does B score? If, in the latter case, A makes a march how many points does he make? If he make but three tricks, how many points does he make?".....1. Two points. 2. Two points. 3. A march is securing all the tricks by partners, and counts two points, but if A, who, went alone, in taking up the trump, secures all the tricks, he is entitled to four points 4. One point only. In our last issue, you will find a reply to a correspondent on this subject, which sets forth the law more fully.

E F MARDEN, Hartford.—You attach too much importance to a harmless little paragraph. If Pike's company have had crowded houses, and have "lost money in no single town," we are heartily glad to hear it. If Mr. Pike sees no cause of complaint in the notice alluded to, we cannot see why *you* should make such an ado about it. The "unfortunate mountebank" who gave us the information upon which the article is founded, is one of your own calling. This is all we have to say in regard to your uncalled for letter.

R. and B., St. Louis.—Half a minute is the time allowed between rounds, and eight seconds "grace." The rule says—"That on the expiration of thirty seconds, the umpire appointed shall cry "time," upon which each man shall rise from the knee of his bottle holder, and walk to his own side of the scratch unaided etc., and that either man failing so to be at the scratch within eight seconds, shall be deemed to have lost the battle.

T. F, Philad'a.—Bradley made no decided offer to fight, but expressed his willingness to meet Morrissey, on the latter stating that Bradley need not go away without a fight. Friends interfered, however, and "drinks all round" settled the matter.

YED, Cleveland.—Your letter did not reach us until Tuesday, the day after we went to press. As the item has already appeared in a contemporary, showing that it was received there on Monday, it is not worth while to call attention to it this week.

A LOOKER ON.—1. Under the circumstances, it was optional whether he gave notice or not. 2. The Herald. 3 The Union demonstration in this city was stronger than that of the Republicans, in the late Presidential campaign.

ED. MAGILTON, Mobile.—When not travelling, the lady resides in this city, with her father. Her sister is in England, where the family come from.

BLUE BOY, Cambridge.—Down hill all the way, a mile has been run in five seconds over four minutes; and at four different starts the mile has been run in four minutes.

S. P., Richmond, Va.—The Great Eastern will probably come to this port on her next passage.

BULLY FOR YOU, Cincinnati.—Mr. Conway is supporting Mr. Forrest, at Niblo's Garden.

HORACE GREELEY THE FIFTH, Albany.—You had better advertise them, stating where they can be seen.

FRANK, Baltimore.—If the last card was not turned up, of course it does not count for the dealer.

DAN.—If published, they may be procured at any of our music stores.

P. SUMPKINS.—Address a note to the makers; we should have to do it to answer your question.

P. BENJAMIN.—Chambers is a native of Walker, near Newcastle upon-Tyne, England.

CONSTANT READER.—Now, see if you cannot make the calculation without our assistance.

W. B, Fall River.—C can have a sight for what money he may have in his possession.

J. B., Cincinnati.—Send your letter to the CLIPPER office, and we will have it delivered.

F. B. C.—1. You may get a few by advertising. 2. A line addressed to the ladies may procure you the information.

T. O. H., Utica.—1. Mix it with water. 2. Yes; 50 cents.

J. E. P., Philad'a.—We are not "lawyer" enough to answer you.

W. L. C., Fort Crittenden.—Money received. Papers forwarded.

BROADWAY.—A little better authority; if you please.

J. C.—It is not in our line.

J. M., Farmer.—Will expire with No. 26 present volume.

UNION GEORGE.—Starch, with a little spermaceti mixed with it.

JOHNNY MACKEY.—We have a letter for you.

CHAMPIONSHIP SCULLING MATCH.—Up to the time of going to press, we had received no official intelligence from Chambers, accepting the articles sent to him some weeks ago by Ward. A letter received here by the last steamer says that the match had fallen through, and that Jack McDonald was censured in London for the part he had taken in it. McDonald had published the following letter in answer to the charge:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING LIFE.

SIR—It having been reported, much to my annoyance, that I persuaded Chambers not to go to America to row Joshua Ward for the Championship of the World, I must beg of you to give an emphatic denial to the rumor. When in the United States I was treated with every possible kindness, and I am convinced that any English man will receive honorable treatment and a generous reception from all classes, as did Your humble servant,

JOHN MACDONALD.

Now, the report of the match falling through may be mere rumor, without the least foundation in truth; for certainly if such were the case, it is time we had some notification of the fact from Chambers himself. Why should the match be declined by Chambers? He sent articles here—they were signed by Ward, and $1250 deposited by Ward to show that he is in earnest. No reply, however, has been received from Chambers, and not one dollar has yet been made good by him. Still, it may be, that he is consulting with his friends, and will soon make known his real intentions. Till we have something to corroborate the report of the match being off, we shall give it but little credence.

THE PRIZE RING ATHLETES CALLED UPON.—Mr. John R. Ford, of this city, a gentleman well known for his love for the Union, liberally offered $1000 as a nucleus of a fund for the support of a regiment, 1000 strong, composed of men of muscle, who can hit straight from the shoulder, and who would be willing to depart for Baltimore and keep open communication between that city and Washington. The offer was made on Saturday, and it was stipulated that they were to be ready to leave on Monday. They were not to wait for muskets, but be armed with revolvers, clubs, &c. Knowing, as we do, how efficient such a regiment would be, we admire the plan, but that such a company of men could be in readiness on Monday, with only two days notice, was of course not to be expected. Let the above amount, however, be increased, and good men chosen as leaders, and we doubt not, the boys will turn out in force. Now Prize Fighters, turn out and fight for the most valuable prize that could be offered—Liberty—and preserve the flag of our Union untarnished, even if the secession mob has cut the ropes. Shy your castors into the ring, and approach the scratch bravely.

THE WAR.—Times are quite lively in the city just now, and everybody seems to be preparing for the war. Men in every profession are volunteering, and those who cannot leave are spending their money freely to assist those who can. The fighting fever is up, and the challenge thrown down to us by the traitors at Charleston has been taken up with alacrity. There is no longer any question about the loyalty of the North. In the pending war, she is a unit on the side of the government, and in defence of the American flag. Millions of freemen are ready and willing to "stand by the Union," and give the traitors a lesson they will not soon forget. Of the ultimate result of the conflict, there can be but one opinion. Not only will the treasonable States be defeated, but it may be that slavery in those States will be forever wiped out.

UNION AND FRATERNITY.—The Bowery Boys and the Dead Rabbits have buried all differences of the past, and now join heart and hand in defence of the Union. A great number of both parties will leave this week, and fight in the ranks side by side. Among those down "on the list" are Mike Norton, alias Crow; Mike Brady, Jim Kerrigan, Shaughan, Jimmy De Voe, Birch Barclay, Sullivan, Johnny Kerrigan, Jim Riley, etc. Spring street market boys will have a hand in with this party. They will be a desperate crowd to tackle.

STOP THIEF!—Our office was broken into one night last week, and a number of articles stolen therefrom. The burglars, in their hurry to get away, dropped a five dollar counterfeit bill, showing that they are counterfeiters as well as burglars.

OFF FOR THE BATTLE GROUNDS.

THE past week has been one of the most feverish excitement ever known since the Revolution—aye, that itself never caused such a unanimous feeling as is now visible throughout the entire North, in regard to the annihilation of the blood-thirsty traitors who have attempted to usurp our government, who have placed themselves in high offices, and undertaken to drag the whole South into the hellish vortex of civil war. The mass of the people who have had no hand in bringing about this sanguinary conflict, when the proper time arrives should throw off allegiance the earliest opportunity, declare their sentiments, and place themselves under the protection of the glorious "Stars and Stripes"—then would the real traitors speedily lose their foot-hold, and very soon be wiped out of existence. A mere handful of mercenary politicians, and public thieves, to suit their own despotic ideas, and keep in office when an honest people have vomited them out, are at the head, and the sole cause of whatever befalls the republic; but, mark ye, these are not the ones that intend exposing their filthy carcasses to danger—not they—the citizens and tradesmen will have to bear the brunt of their offences, or go to jail, the rule being either the battle-field or prison. With such monstrous laws, it will not be long ere these same people rise up in their might and sweep off their oppressors like a whirlwind. Their self-elected leaders, who owe whatever greatness they might once have possessed to the people collectively, are all known and marked; they have the brand of Cain and Judas Iscariot on their brow, and when caught should be hanged in pairs, and their bodies be left for jackals and vultures. We candidly believe, could this be effected, there are Union men enough to yet save the horrors of a protracted war; until it is done, they dare not express their real opinions, but are compelled to murder their best friends. With us there is no compulsion; every thing is done voluntarily and with enthusiastic ardor, to describe which is an impossibility. Any one who witnessed the departure of the Seventh, Seventy-First, Sixth and Twelfth Regiments, the Union demonstration in Union Square, and the different companies passing through this city on their way to Washington, can never forget the scene should he live to be a hundred years old. The Volunteer Companies are filling up rapidly, and many of the "boys" have already enlisted. Billy Wilson has raised over two thousand men, and it is expected Billy Mulligan and Jim Hughes, who won honor and fame in the Mexican war, will accept positions in his company. On Saturday, we made a visit to their rooms, No. 618 Broadway, and found men signing their names every ten or fifteen minutes, all the right stuff, too, who asserted that they would never come back unless they were victorious. This is the universal sentiment in all the drill rooms, and though some of the recruits be ragged and poor, so long as they have blood in their veins will they do battle for our holy cause. Nationality and politics are laid aside for the "Red, White and Blue," and many are adorned all over with flags, badges, rosettes, and pins.

This company have several other recruiting offices, and one is at 22 White street, where a good account ought to be given. Better join in, boys, than be loafing the streets or hanging around bar-rooms, and thus show the people you have some noble traits that atone for whatever bad ones you get credit for. The "Scott Life Guard" have a full complement of picked men, and through the exertions of Senator McLeod Murphy, who is a member, have been incorporated into a regular regiment. Of one man we inquired whether they intended going through Baltimore? With an expletive, and bringing his brawny fist down hard enough to split a board, he replied:—"Yes, as long as there's a man to carry a musket!" Bravo! boys. The New York Zouaves, composed of fire laddies and other muscular fellows, a volunteer regiment drilled by the celebrated Col. Ellsworth, go for the wars early this week; many of our friends, perhaps, we shook hands with for the last time on Saturday, including Mick Tagan, Harry Lazarus, Mike Trainor, Johnny Lazarus, and some others. Old Izzy Lazarus will feel the loss of his two sons sorely while away. The 79th, or Highland Guard, leave here this week, and with them goes Billy Clarke, of 189 Laurens street; he is a regular member of the company. The 8th Regiment takes away the polite and affable David Hastings, brother to the well-known William Hastings. David belongs to the Engineer Corps, and goes off Tuesday. Others of like popularity with our readers are fast enrolling their names, and when they get there, we shall all hear of them. The Scott Life Guard, New York Zouaves, and Billy Wilson's battalion will soon bring things to a head, and in whatever position they may be placed, depend upon it, there'll be hot work. In addition to rifles, it is understood these men are to be supplied with revolvers and bowie knives—with these in a hand-to hand combat, the volunteers can do terrible execution. We shall watch anxiously to hear of our boys, and so will thousands of others—in fact, every heart in the whole Union beats and throbs as the news is flashed over the wires, and were it to happen that any of the regiments were compelled to retreat [of which we have not the least fear] the city would rise *en masse* and leave everything rather than suffer such a calamity. To those lion-hearted fellows that have gone, may GOD bless ye all.

CRICKET.—The New York Cricket Club mustered for their first day's practice on Monday, 22d inst. As it was the day on which we go to press, we are not posted sufficiently to say what number joined in the exercises. It is not likely, however, owing to the military excitement now raging here, that there were many. One if not more of its members belong to the 7th Regiment.

The Manhattan Club held a meeting on the 18th, for business purposes, and to lay out plans for the season. Instead of the cricket ball, however, it is more than likely that some of them will have to defend their stumps against balls of a more dangerous character, as several of their members belong to the military of this city. We sincerely hope that every cricketer who is called upon or volunteers to defend the glorious stars and stripes may carry their bat out with all the honors. A body of cricketers would make good troops and would be physically equal to twice their number.

A FOOT RACE.—"J. D. B.," the lean man, a hat manufacturer of Fulton street, wagered $10 with "Wm. P. D.," Broadway hatter, that he would beat him in a foot race around Madison Square. The race was to have taken place on Monday morning last. The Broadway hatter is said to be of the fat kind. We had not learned the result at the time of going to press.

BREAKING THROUGH.—The fight in Baltimore was between 100 soldiers of the Massachusetts Regiment, who had been separated from the main body, and 10,000 rioters who had attempted to stop their progress. The result of the skirmish was nine rioters killed, and two Massachusetts soldiers. The attacked soldiers succeed ed in fighting their way successfully to the Washington depot.

PRIZE FIGHTERS VOLUNTEERING.—Quite a number of our pugilistic friends have already volunteered on the side of the government, and others are preparing to follow. Mike Trainor, Harry Lazarus, John Lazarus, and others of the fraternity, have joined the "Zouave Fire Brigade," and will leave this week. Milage Cornell, Jerry Conklin, and others go with the 8th.

PRIVATEERS.—It is understood that all persons caught on the seas, sailing under "letters of marque," will be marked up to the yard arm.

A BIG THING.—Since the attack on Fort Sumter, 250,000 men have been enrolled for active service, and $25,000,000 subscribed to equip and support them in their defence of the Union.

NEW YORK.—The Empire City is accomplishing wonders in the enrolment of men, and collection of monies for the war. An army will be raised in this city alone.

FIRE BRIGADE.—Col. Ellsworth's Zouaves, composed solely of members of the New York Fire Department, will be enrolled in the service this week. This is a powerful body of young [men, who will laugh a siege to scorn.

EVERYTHING TO LOSE.—Maryland has everything to lose by taking sides against the U. S. Government. If she makes war upon us, her slave population will make themselves free in short order, and nothing can prevent it. Virginia, too, is similarly situated, and will lose her slaves when the ball is fairly opened.

SUMMARY OF WAR NEWS AND NOTABLE INCIDENTS.

For the benefit of our patrons, many of whom live at a great distance from the scenes and events of the present deplorable war, we propose to give, from week to week, a summary of the news. As it was at Fort Sumter—which Major Anderson so heroically defended—that the war may virtually be said to have commenced, we introduce our summary by giving the day and date of the beginning of the bombardment:—

April 12.—At 4 o'clock A. M. fire was opened against Fort Sumter, with a volley from 17 mortars and 33 guns, manned and supported by 6000 troops. At about 7 o'clock the fort made the first return to their fire, which they gallantly sustained for 24 hours, with a force of less than 100 men.

13.—The officers' barracks caught fire, and the flames surrounded the magazine on all sides. Anderson was solicited by Senator Wigfall to evacuate, and owing to their perilous situation, the Major consented to make a treaty to that end, which was towards evening consummated, and on Sunday,

14.—They evacuated the fort, which was no longer tenable against such an overwhelming opposition, and embarked on board the Isabel. The Stars and Stripes were saluted by fifty guns, and then hauled down. Unfortunately, however, while firing the second round of the salute, a gun exploded, which killed two and wounded four men of Major Anderson's command.

18.—U. S. steamer Baltic arrived at New York, with Major Anderson and his men on board, where he was enthusiastically received by the citizens.

18.—The Sixth Regiment of the Massachusetts volunteer militia reached New York, at 8 A. M., *en route* for Washington, they having left Boston on the previous evening. They left the same day, about 1 o'clock, for their destination. They were most enthusiastically cheered along the route.

18.—During the night, Harper's Ferry, Va., was burned down and abandoned by the U. S. troops, who destroyed 15,000 stand of arms to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. Lieut. Jones, with his 43 men, arrived, after a march of 30 miles, at Carlisle, Pa., at 3 P. M. Virginia had seceded, and a force was marching to capture Harper's Ferry.

19.—The Seventh Regiment of New York, numbering nearly 1000 men, at 6 o'clock P. M., left by the New Jersey railroad for Philadelphia and Washington. A vast concourse of spectators turned out to bid them farewell, the ovation being of the most imposing and heartfelt description.

19.—While the 7th Regiment of Pennsylvania, and 6th Regiment of Massachusetts, were passing through Baltimore, a secession mob set upon them, when, in self defence, the troops fired upon them, killing, it is said, twelve, including R. W. Davis, a prominent man. Two of the Massachusetts troops were killed, and several wounded. The mob set about tearing up the railroad track. The N. Y. papers of the morning of the 20th state that comparative quiet has been restored. The Massachusetts troops finally reached Washington, without further molestation.

19.—A portion of the Rhode Island Regiment, under Gov. Sprague, passed through New York for Washington.

20.—An immense meeting of the friends of the Union—the largest that ever assembled for any purpose in New York—convened at Union Square. Patriotic speeches were made by our prominent merchants, politicians, and others, and offers of men, money, and every thing needful for war purposes, were pledged in a manner absolutely unparalleled in this or any other country. Major Anderson, Captain Foster, Dr. Crawford, Sergeant Hart, and Michael Cummings, of Sumter's heroic defenders, were present, and created immense enthusiasm. Fort Sumter's torn flag was there, also.

21.—Notwithstanding it was Sunday, multitudes turned out to witness the departure of the 6th, 12th, and 71st regiments. At every step the gallant soldiers were greeted with the wildest demonstrations from the people in the streets, and those who fairly packed the windows of the buildings on the route. The 6th were taken on board the Columbia, the 12th on the Baltic, and the 71st on the R. R. Cuyler.....The 5th regiment of Massachusetts arrived at 8 o'clock P. M. It numbered 1000 picked men. It was accompanied by the Boston Flying Artillery, and they eventually embarked on board the Ariel and Dacotah. The third battalion of Worcester (Mass.) Rifles, which arrived in the morning, were also quartered on board the Ariel. While the battalion was passing through Bridgeport, one of the citizens was killed, and another had his arm blown off, by the premature discharge of a gun, while saluting the battalion. Towards night, the fleet containing the troops, numbering upwards of 4,000 men, 90 horses, and 6 field pieces, including the 1000 Rhode Islanders on board the Coatzacoalcos, anchored at the Narrows, convoyed by the steamer Harriet Lane. Their destination is kept secret.

22.—At the moment of our going to press, great military preparations are being made, the streets are filled with people, and the utmost enthusiasm prevails. On Tuesday, 23d, the 8th and 69th regiments of New York, and the 13th and 28th of Brooklyn, are to leave; so it is announced.

22.—The latest news, and evidently authentic, is that *the Capitol is safe*, until the troops now on their way arrive. This news was sent by the President to Philadelphia by a special messenger. In Baltimore, on Saturday, two troops of cavalry and a regiment of infantry were parading the streets with twelve brass field pieces. Fort McHenry had its guns pointed on the city ready for action in case of an attack. It is stated that the burning of the bridges and destruction of the telegraph, was done by order of Gov. Hicks, under the protection of the military. From Harrisburg, we learn today, that one hundred and fifty carpenters, protected by detachments of Pennsylvania troops, have been despatched to repair the bridges of the Northern Central railroad. Three hundred regulars have been despatched to Cockeysville, Md., to hold that position.

A regiment of Pennsylvanians, and the Rhode Island Marine Battery, proceed this morning in the same direction. Cockeysville is only fifteen miles from Baltimore, and if the army is assailed Fort McHenry can act in concert.

ONE MAN came on to the Collins dock about mid-day, on the 21st, having in his pockets bread to serve him for twenty-four hours, and on his shoulder an ancient musket. He said he was a volunteer, and had come down to the Baltic, supposing that his immediate services would be required.

MR. C. J. COLGATE, a member of the Seventh Regiment, who was purser on board the steamship Marion, was compelled to remain in the city after the departure of his comrades. He has made all his arrangements, and is now on his way to Washington.

ONE of the Volunteers of the Twelfth Regiment was H. C. Davis, one of the heroes who was with Major Anderson in Fort Sumter during the memorable battle.

The Twelfth Regiment have left behind them some 400 or 500 men, whom they will send for in a week or two. They are kept as a reserve.

SOME MERCHANTS and bankers presented each of the officers of the Sixth with a Colt's revolver, navy size.

ALDERMAN WILSON'S *corps* numbers now 1,500; they are to be inspected, and soon start for Washington.

LADIES are volunteering to proceed to the seat of war to act as nurses. Good for the women of America.

A NOBLE WOMAN.—In one of the companies attached to the Lowell Regiment of Col. Jones, was a newly enlisted recruit, the eldest son of a widow in one of the country towns, and who on the 19th inst., followed her son to the city to take a last look of him until he returns from the war. She did not come at all to urge him to return to his peaceful home and pursuits, but rather to cheer him with a mother's blessing. Fearing that her son might want for money during his absence, the noble woman raised a sum of money by the sale of a cow that she owned, and being admitted inside the lines just before the troops left the State House, she pressed the money upon her boy. It is almost needless to say that her offer was declined, as the Massachusetts troops will come to no want. Such self-devotion and patriotism is worthy of the mothers of the revolution.

THE GERMAN TURNERS, 200 athletes, at Buffalo, have volunteered to hold themselves subject to the orders of the Federal government.

A. T. STEWART, ESQ., the patriotic prince of dry goods, has tendered the Government one million dollars from his private fortune. A number of the clerks in the employ of A. T. Stewart & Co., are members of the Seventh regiment. They have been informed that, in the event of their being called to serve the Government, their salaries will be continued during their full term of service.

CAPTAIN DOUBLEDAY, of Major Anderson's command, speaking of one of the Baltimoreans, says that "We had abandoned one of our guns owing to the close fire kept upon it. Hearing a gun firing from that direction, I hastened to the spot and found the abandoned gun in active service; a party of the Baltimore men were serving it with good effect. I found one of them stooping on his hands and knees, and laughing till the tears streamed from his eyes. I asked them what they were doing? This man could give no answer but 'hit it right in the centre,' 'hit it right in the centre,' and still laughing. He was making holes in the iron battery."

THE DAVIS GUARDS, of Acton, Mass., attached to the Sixth regiment, is made up of descendants of the Minute Men who, on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, were the first to march to Concord Bridge to oppose the British troops.

A PATRIOT, on being spoken to on the subject, Gen. Scott, said:—"I had rather lose my left arm, yes, my right arm, aye, both arms, than have Fort Sumter *evacuated*."

A POP CORN MAN OFF TO THE WARS.—At the State House, Boston, on the 18th inst., much amusement was created by a dealer in pop corn, who, having disposed of about half of his stock in trade, was suddenly overcome by the war fever, when he threw the remainder of his stock among the crowd, entered the State House, donned a uniform, and took his position in the ranks of Co. D, 6th regiment.

A PATRIOTIC PRINTER PROVIDED FOR.—Mr. John G. Chambers, who for many years has been connected with the Boston Press, will march with the Fifth Regiment when it receives its orders. He is 1st Lieut. of the Lawrence Light Guard, and served in the Mexican War under Gen. Taylor. Mr. Chambers is a young man, highly esteemed by his associates, and will make an excellent soldier. Before leaving his associates, he received a life insurance policy for $2 000 made out in favor of his wife, a full set of equipments, and a liberal sum of money. Success to him in the wars.

TO WHAT VILE USES HAS IT COME AT LAST.—Dr. J. C. Gayetty, of New York, has ordered 10 000 copies of Jeff. Davis' proclamation to be "struck off" on his "Medicated Paper." It is evident that the doctor "smells the battle afar off."

ANOTHER CHANCE.—Since Orville Dean has not accepted my challenge, I now state that I am ready to run any man who is a resident of Rhode Island, a five mile foot race over the Union Trotting Park, Woonsocket, R. I., on the 15th of May, for $100—all forfeit. Money and man now ready at B. Baker's, Woonsocket, R. I.

BERNARD FARLEY, the Woonsocket Boy.

THE RING.

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 48-tf

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 48-tf

THE FALSTAFF.—ISSY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 141 Chatham street, next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand

FREE AND EASY every Saturday evening, Mr. Mordecai Lyon, the celebrated baritone, in the chair. 35-tf

IVY GREEN, 80 PRINCE STREET.—At this public resort, now under the Proprietorship of JOHNNY MONAGHAN and F McCARTHY, the best of ales, wines, and liquors are always on sale, and patrons are promptly attended to. Newbold's Great Picture of the International Fight may be seen here, and also a variety of other sporting prints, together with THE CLIPPER and other sporting papers. 45-tf

HARRY GRIBBIN returns thanks to all who have visited him at his new quarters, No. 282½ Bowery, of which place he is now the sole Proprietor. The print of the big fight, portraits of noted pugilists, and other celebrities may be seen here. Free and Easy every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, the chair being taken by Mr. Mat Glenn. Ales, wines, liquors, and segars, of the best quality, on hand, and THE CLIPPER and other domestic and foreign sporting journals filed. 45-tf

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ales, wines, liquors, segars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numberless portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C. Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California, Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, Tom Cribb, Mike Madden, Gillam, the Brighton Doctor, and other celebrities of the P. R. A room and other facilities are also at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep. 3-51*

FOUNTAIN CHOP HOUSE, 172 New Canal street, near Bowery. GEO P. KENSETT would be happy to see his friends at the "Old House" of his Father, 172 New Canal street, near Bowery. Particular care will be given to the comfort and convenience of his guests, and he hopes, by attention, to merit a share of the public patronage. 2-21*

PRIZE FIGHT IN NEW YORK.

OWNEY GEOGHEGHAN AND ED. TOUHEY.

A week or so ago a match was hurriedly made up for a fight between these two men, for a stake of $75 a side, at catch weight. The money was duly put up, and the editor of the CLIPPER selected to hold the money, but for prudential reasons he respectfully declined, and advised the parties to endeavor to procure some other party to take charge of the funds, which they subsequently did. The match was arranged to come off on Thursday morning, April 18th, on Staten Island, and on the evening previous, preparations were made for the journey. Too much publicity seems to have been given to the affair, for the police were put on the scent, and on Wednesday night some thirty of the Metropolitans left New York, to be ready for the boys in the morning. Through Wednesday night and Thursday morning quite a number of the P. R. fraternity landed on Staten Island, and at a very early hour made preparations for the commencement of hostilities, in a not very secluded portion of the Island. The ring was pitched, and Touhey had already entered it, but his opponent's seconds had been rather dilatory in reaching the ground, and therefore delayed the proceedings. Soon after Touhey appeared in the ring, the police made their appearance in strong force, and the boys took to their heels with remarkable speed and unanimity, with the police after them. There was some beautiful foot racing, and feats of agility were shown, seldom seen in the vicinity of a prize ring. One "news reporter" was treed by the policemen, and begged of the M. P.'s "not to shoot;" on the knight of the pencil and quill begging for quarter, he was not shot, but the police fired their revolvers in the air. Altogether, upwards of twenty persons were arrested, taken before a justice of the peace, and fined in various sums, from $2 upwards. By 6 o'clock the whole batch had been examined, fined, and cleared out, and thus ended the "Prize Fight on Staten Island."

This state of affairs not being satisfactory to the principals and their friends, it was determined to have the fight come off in this city on the sly, and to this end a room was engaged on the east side of the city, and on Saturday morning a select party of about twenty entered the room, the proceedings having been conducted with the greatest secresy. About 4 o'clock, A. M., everything being in readiness, the men appeared for the fight. Geoghegan is a man of strong muscular powers, and when in condition weighs about 131 lbs; his opponent is less strongly built, not so heavy, but has the advantage a trifle in height. Geoghegan was seconded by Phil. Clare and Billy Vail, while Touhey was waited upon by Kit Burns and a brother of Touhey.

In commencing the fight, G. led off with his left, and reached Touhey on the breast; Touhey countered heavily on the right eye, when Owney clinched, and Touhey was under in the fall. In the next round Touhey led off with his left, catching his opponent on the mouth, and drawing *first blood*. A clinch followed, when Touhey was thrown heavily. On coming up for the third round, Geoghegan led off, reaching Touhey's chest, when the latter cross countered him under the left ear, raising a bump. In the clinch, Touhey was again thrown. In this way, the fight continued, Touhey having the best of it in actual fighting, but being inferior in the clinch and wrestling. As long as they stood off, Touhey proved himself decidedly the better man, but his opponent is a powerful and experienced hand at wrestling, and invariably threw Touhey. Occasionally he would dash at Touhey, clutch him in a wild embrace, and dash him to the hard floor with great force. These heavy falls began to tell upon Touhey, while Touhey's blows showed their marks on Owney's frontispiece, one eye being entirely blind, and the other showing symptoms of following suit. Touhey continued to hit his opponent in the fighting, but the latter soon went in for the throw, and Touhey again had the worst of it, and he began to give evidences of exhaustion. On the 44th round, Touhey was injured in the temple by striking against a bench in the throw, and it was seen that he was seriously injured, and insensible. Everything was done to bring him to, and on time being called for the 45th round, Touhey was almost carried to the scratch; he attempted, as if instinctively, to raise his hands, but they dropped to his side; his legs refused to sustain him, and he fell insensible. The fight was then decided in favor of Geoghegan, after a contest of one hour and one minute. Touhey exhibited great game and hitting qualities during the fight, and was defeated by the falls he received on the hard boards. Had the battle taken place on turf, there might have been a different termination to the affair. Touhey continued unconscious for some time after the decision had been rendered; he has since rallied, and is now better. Geoghegan was severely punished, and we learn was quite blind in two hours after the fight. It is said that at the conclusion of the contest, he offered to fight any 131 lb. man, for 1, 2, 3, 4, or $500. We also hear that the offer was taken up by a Fourth Warder, with the understanding that $100 will be put up this week.

A MERRY MILL IN MEMPHIS.—FRIEND QUEEN: I drop you a line to inform you of a little sport we had on last Thursday, a few miles above our city, between two knights of the fives, Harry Clark and Ben Webb, alias Reddy, in a regular pitched battle, occupying 45 minutes, and 54 well fought rounds, neither man being in condition. The fight arose from the oft told tale, to see who was the best man. No money could be scraped together for a purse, barring a small collection picked up among the crowd as the ring was being prepared—only $7. Times are rough hereaway. I will give you a slight sketch of the affair.

Round 1. Both men came up smiling, very confidently shook hands, stepped back, and began to spar; Clark let go his left, got slightly home on Webb's shoulder, who got down to save a right hander from Clark.

2. Cautious sparring; Reddy let fly his left on Clark's snuffer, drawing first blood. They closed for the fall, when Clark was picked up the "under dog in the fight."

3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Some rattling exchanges took place, give and take being the order of the day—the rounds slightly in Webb's favor.

8 Clark blowing like a porpoise—cautious sparring—Reddy let go his right, but fell short, napping a regular rib roaster from Clark, who fell from the force of the blow. [Cries of "Foul," "Fight on."]

9 to 22 were poor—so miserable that the outsiders were about to get up a fight on their own hook to make it interesting.

23. The boys apparently woke up to the necessity of the case. They went to work savagely, with some good telling hits on both sides. [Cries of "good," from the dissatisfied outsiders.] This round was the most manly and the best contested one of the whole.

24 to 46. Webb seemed to have it all his own way, but Clark took it as cool and as stoical as a philosopher; Reddy seemed surprised at the ease with which he could plant his blows.

47. To the wonder of all, Clark—whose face was very much disfigured, one eye in mourning, cut under the chin, etc.—pitched into Reddy right and left; in fact, made Webb turn tail for a moment.

48. It was plain that Clark's hard fighting was all done in the previous round. Webb danced around his man, waiting for an opening; Clark let go his right, and nearly fell from the force of his own blow; Reddy landed a good blow on his ribs, and Clark was down.

49 to 54. Clark only came up to be knocked down, when his second, in mercy, threw up the sponge in token of defeat, much to Clark's chagrin.

REMARKS.

Clark is a game man, though possessed of little science; he lacks activity; he was also in very poor condition, having much abused himself the last two months. Webb is also game as far as punishment is concerned. There's one thing he must learn, though; not to be so very careful of his good looking phiz, as he may one day learn to his sorrow; he is very active, hard to get at, with a first rate muscular development; he also possesses good wrestling abilities. All praise is due to the seconds. They were, in my opinion, the hardest worked of the party. T. D. G.

Memphis, Tenn., April 4th.

ABOUT A RING FOR HEENAN.—A gentleman from Denver City, Kansas, wishes us to ask John Spencer, of that place, what has become of the funds contributed in Denver, and placed in his hands, to purchase a ring to be presented to John C. Heenan.

WOOD'S BENEFIT.—On Wednesday evening, 25th inst., an exhibition of boxing will be given at Lindenmuller's, 199 Bowery, for the benefit of John Woods. Mr. W. informs us that a number of boxers will assist, and that Ed. Price will appear in the wind up with him.

THE PRIZE RING AT THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—A pugilistic tourney of not very long duration came off on the 6th inst., at 8½ P. M., near Denver City, Kansas, for $100 a side, between J. C. Orem and Chas. Delano, alias "Texas," in the presence of about 2,000 spectators. The former is a blacksmith by trade, is possessed of great muscular power, weighs 160 lbs., and is 5 feet 8 inches in height. The latter is not so well proportioned, and although 10 lbs. heavier than Orem, is not his equal in strength. Orem made his *debut* in the P. R. on this occasion, and had been put in excellent condition by his trainer, Joe Davidson. "Texas" had the advantage of experience, as it is stated that he had been engaged as principal in two or three battles before. At the time stated, both men entered the circle, accompanied by their seconds, Davidson and McLelland acting in that capacity for Orem, and Shaw and Hart for "Texas." After each man had pronounced himself ready, they shook hands, and approached the scratch to commence the fight.

Round 1. Both manœuvred warily, and sparred for some time to endeavor to get an opening. Presently, however, Texas got slightly on the ribs with the right, which Orem returned with interest with his right on the left peeper, and followed it up with several sharp blows left and right, drawing the claret from Texas, and finally ended the round by knocking him clean off his pins. (First blood and first knock down for Orem). His friends were jubilant, and offered 3 to 2 on him.

2. The sharp work in the former round rather astounded Texas, and he appeared somewhat shy of his man. Orem, on the contrary, seemed very confident, and determined to make short work of it. Texas commenced the battle, however, by again leading off, this time with both mawleys, which Orem skilfully avoided, then rushed to a close, caught Texas around the neck, and administered pepper on his right ogle for several seconds, when Texas sought terra firma to avoid the conflict, with both eyes badly cut, and the claret freely running from his proboscis. It was evident that Orem had the fight.

3. When time was called Texas failed to respond with alacrity, and was forced up by his seconds, but the fight was all out of him, and he gave up the contest.

Thus ended the first prize battle in that region, which was not of the most satisfactory description to those who went to see it. Orem proved himself a regular "miller," used his hands well, and although he had no occasion to exercise his skill in wrestling, it is said he is quite an adept in that art, which is quite an addition to the qualities of a boxer. Texas' early secession rather disappointed his friends, and it was evident that he was out fought at all points. It is thought that he will not be over hasty in entering the P. R. again. For Orem, a brilliant future is predicted should he conclude to continue a "knight of the fives."

JOHNNY MACKEY has been very low with the lung fever, but is now out again, a mere shadow of his former self.

OFF TO THE WAR.—Young Derby, better known as Shorty, will give a sparring exhibiton at Albany, on the 25th inst., and is promised the assistance of a large number of the boxers, and others. This will be a farewell "go," as Shorty has volunteered in defence of his country, and will shortly leave with Crow, Mike Brady, and others, for the scene of conflict. The wind-up set-to of the exhibition will be between Shorty and Mike Brady, in fighting costume.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

APRIL 15.—R James, of Aberdare, and E Llewellyn; £50 a side, Aberdare.
23.—J. Rooke and G. Crocket—£50 a side, 10st, home circuit.
24.—T. Bedford and J. Room's Novice; £5 a side, catch weight—within fifty miles of Birmingham.
30.—Bob Travers and Bodger Crutchley; £50 a side, at 10 stone, Home circuit.
30.—Reeves and Hooker—£15 a side, London.
MAY 23.—Tom King and Harry Poulson; £100 a side, Home circuit.
JUNE —.—Sam Hurst and Jem Mace; £200 a side, and the Championship.
18.—Burgess and Clarke—£100 a side, London.
SEPT. 3.—Shaw and Tyler—£100 a side, London.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

SAM HURST AND JEM MACE—£200 A-SIDE AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—The deposit of £20 a-side was made good at the office of the final stakeholder on April 5th. Hurst is gradually getting into something like condition, while Mace is already almost fit to enter the ring.

PATSEY REARDON AND TOM SHIPP, FOR £48, AND CHAMPIONSHIP OF BRISTOL.—The men and their backers met within a few miles of Bristol, on April 2nd, and, after fighting for one hour and ten minutes, were disturbed by the authorities. The referee fixed on the next day (Wednesday) for the renewal of hostilities, and, after the stakes had been pitched and the men entered the ring, the "blues" again showed, and stopped the proceedings. After some deliberation a move of about five miles was made, and after a changeable fight of three hours and seven minutes, the referee properly decided on making it a draw, owing to the darkness setting in. Legal proceedings have been threatened against all concerned in the affair.

ALLEN AND CLARKE.—In the disputed fight between these men a meeting was held on April 4th, when a stormy altercation took place, and on the referee repeating the decision he gave on the battle field, Brettle (who was stakeholder) made an objection to give up the battle money, on the ground that he had been served with two notices not to do so from solicitors, and not having been indemnified we cannot blame Brettle. Further advice will be taken as to whether the decision of the referee is final, or in this instance null and void, as the men fought several rounds after the decision had been given. It is hoped that the affair will be amicably arranged. Allen has much to learn to rank amongst the pugilistic stars, and Clarke has long passed the fighting "Rubicon," it being eleven years since he had appeared in the ring; therefore, his career may justly be considered to have ended.

CUMMINGS AND WOLFE.—These Nottingham men fought for £15 a side on March 30, at Swinderby. After three-quarters of an hour of sharp work the police appeared and apprehended Cummings, and took him before the magistrate. The mob struck and ill-used the only constable present in a shameful way, but he gallantly stuck to his man, and succeeded in making his capture.

PATSEY M'QUE AND J. WELSH.—These men were to have fought on April 1st, at catch weight, for £5, but owing to the blues being on the alert they did not meet till next morning, when at an early hour they got to work at Selby Oak Valley, and a more orderly and well conducted fight could not have taken place. The men commenced operations in rattling style, Welsh drawing *first blood* from the nasal organ of M'Que in the twelfth round, and M'Que getting the knock-down blow in the eighteenth. The fight continued on, both men fighting gamely, but M'Que taking a decided lead. After fighting for 1 hour and 5 minutes, Welsh's friends threw up the sponge in token of defeat.

BRENNAN AND BRAIDLEY.—These Birmingham men met at an early hour on April 1st, at Hay Mills Valley, at catch weight, for £5 a side. After a few rounds Brennan, who surprised his friends by his straightforward hitting with both mawleys, took a strong lead, and after contending for one hour—27 rounds—Braidley, who had received the lion's share of punishment, appeared almost done, when the blues appeared, and the referee ordered the men to meet again at a given spot in a quarter of an hour. Brennan was present, but Braidley did not put in an appearance, and the referee therefore declared Brennan the winner.

PARKINSON AND WHITE.—These men were to have fought at Hednesford on the 1st of April, but there was a difficulty in agreeing upon a referee, and the men returned home without a mill. It was subsequently arranged to meet the next morning near Selby Oak, but Parkinson never appeared. If there was a distinct agreement between the men to meet on Tuesday, White is clearly entitled to the stakes.

WRESTLING.

NEWCASTLE EASTER MEETING AND GREAT NORTHERN GAMES.—These sports commenced on April 1. The sum to be distributed in prizes was £150. There were large entries, and at the hour appointed for the commencement of the sports, there was a large attendance of spectators to witness the vigor and ability evoked by the different competitors. The weather was cold and gloomy, and in consequence of rain on the previous day, the ground was soft, though not sufficiently so as to cause much inconvenience to the wrestlers.

The umpires appointed were Joseph Shepherd, of Waverton; Henry Bragg, Newcastle; and Thomas Henderson, Alston. Their arduous duties were discharged with ability and impartiality. The proceedings commenced with the Decies prize, of £20, given by Lord Decies, for Northumberland men, with a silver medal, value £2 2s., added by the society. The competitors were not to exceed 13st. There were 65 entries, and the men stood and fell as given below from the fourth round. There was some good wrestling in the former rounds.

FOURTH ROUND.

STOOD.	FELL.
Joseph Blair, Allendale	Thomas Nevin, Allendale
S Snowden, Kelloe	A Dixon, Haltwhistle
E Arkle, Benwell	Jos Craig, Allendale
Jno Craig, Allendale	G Pearson, Old Town

T Walton, Newlands, odd man.

FIFTH ROUND.

T Walton	E Arkle
J Blair	J Craig

T Snowdon odd man.

SIXTH ROUND.

J Blair	T Snowdon

T Walton odd man.

FINAL FALLS.

J. Blair won the best of three falls and was declared the winner. In the fourth round Arkle and Craig made some good play, the victor putting in the "inside hank," and grassing his man cleverly. In the fifth round the fall with Walton and Arkle created some excitement. The former was the favorite, and was backed freely, but he was thrown easily by his opponent. Craig was backed at 2 to 1 against Blair, who, however, cleverly grounded him by the "hipe." In the sixth round 2 to 1 was laid on Blair, who gained an easy victory; 3 to 2 was laid upon him in the final falls. In the first round he brought Watson to the ground beautifully by the "swinging hipe." In the next round Walton tried to buttock, but was stopped, and a slip occurred. 2 to 1 was then offered on Blair. Walton tried "the hank," but failed, and a "dog fall" ensued. At the next attempt Blair lifted him with the "hipe," and threw him with the "swing."

PRIZE OF £28 FOR MEN OF ELEVEN STONE, OPEN TO ALL THE WORLD.—There were 114 entries for this prize, and the men stood and fell from the sixth round as follows:—

STOOD.	FELL.
T. Robson, Meddon way	H Ivison, Carlisle
J. Scott, Hayton	W. Phillips, Stapleton

Scott threw Robson twice out of three falls, and won the prize. There was some excellent science displayed in the wrestling for this prize, and the most interesting falls were those between Cooper and Lee in the first round. 2 to 1 was laid on Cooper. In the struggle for the fall they slipped hold, both coming to the ground, Cooper touching first. The umpires decided in favor of another wrestle, which, after a severe bout, resulted in favor of Cooper. The second round evoked the wrestling capabilities of Cooper and Davison, and Scott and Wearmouth. In the final throwing Robson was the favorite, and was backed at 3 to 2 to win the prize. In the first fall he threw Scott easily. In the second round Robson hiped, and endeavored to swing, but was stopped by Scott putting in the hank. They remained in this position for some time, both men straining every muscle; Robson, however, at last came to the ground, being evidently overcome by the superior strength of his antagonist, who in this, as well as the succeeding fall, put Robson to the ground with a rush and half buttock.

MATCH.—£20 a side between Thomas Furness, of Wigton, and Joseph Telford, of Crookdyke. This match was to be decided by the umpires, in the best of five falls. Furness threw his opponent the first three falls, and won the match. In the first fall even money was laid. After three slips, Furness "hiped," and brought his man down. In the second round, 3 to 2 was laid on Furness, who threw Telford with a cross buttock. In the third fall Telford tried to buttock, but was thrown back by Furness, and grounded. Telford made the work throughout, Furness acting on the defensive.

A BELL RACE of £1 10s., was won by William Hopple, Greenhead, beating John Ward, Wigton, T. Kirsop, Alston, T. Thirkell, Newcastle, and four others.

On the following morning, the sports commenced at nine o'clock, but was somewhat marred by the inclemency of the weather. The attendance was not so numerous as on the previous day, though the wrestling was of an excellent description. The first prize was £16, for 9½ stone men, for which there were fifty-three entries. In the fifth round, R Carruthers, Cumwitton, threw John Ward, Wigton; J. Tiffin, Dearham, threw J. Brockerbank, West Cumberland; J. Smith, Ulverston, threw J Jackson, Penrith, leaving T. Furness odd man. 3 to 1 was laid on Ward, against Carruthers, who, however, easily threw him. Tiffin was backed at 2 to 1 against his antagonist, and justified the hopes of his backers by grassing his man. In the fifth round, R. Carruthers threw T Furness, and J. Tiffin threw J. Smith. Tiffin was backed at 3 to 2 against his man, and threw him cleverly with a cross buttock. In the last two falls he grounded his antagonist, after tight struggles, by means of a swinging hipe, and won the prize.

PRIZE OF £23 FOR MEN OF ALL WEIGHTS.—There were sixty-one entries for this prize, and it excited much interest in consequence of the celebrity of the men engaged. In the fourth round Richard Wright, Longtown, threw Robert Blair, Allendale; W Jamieson, Penrith, threw J. Nattrass, Weardale; Henry Ivison, Carlisle, threw W Robson, Weardale; and M. Lee, Limeside, threw N. Ewbank, Brampton.

FIFTH ROUND.

W Jamieson threw M. Lee. W Wright threw H Ivison.

R Wright threw W Jamieson twice, and was adjudged the winner of the prize. 2 to 1 was laid on Jamieson in the first of the final falls. Wright, however, cross buttocked him cleverly. In the second fall Wright made a rush, and Jamieson was thrown, much to his chagrin, and the disappointment of his backers. Jamieson, however complained that he had not a proper hold at the time, but his appeal to the umpires was decided against him, and Wright declared the winner.

THE CHAMPION PRIZE OF £14, together with a silver-mounted champion belt, value seven guineas, for 32 picked men, produced some keen competition, the men, of course, being all first class. In the third round J. Ewbank, Bampton, threw W Glaister, Greener; W. Jamison, Penrith, threw T. Sharp, Ulverstone; R. Wright, Longtown, threw J. Nattrass, Weardale; and W Watson, Weardale, threw R. Blair, Allendale. In the fourth round W Jamison threw W. Watson; and R Wright threw J. Ewbank. The final falls thus remained to be decided by Jamison and Wright, the same two men who contended for the last prize. Jamison was the favorite, and won both falls easily, 3 to 1 being laid upon him.

THE CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND WRESTLING SPORTS commenced on March 29th, full particulars of which were given in our last. On the following day (Saturday, 30th) they were resumed in the presence of some four hundred spectators only, owing to the unfavorable weather. The sports were excellent, however, and some of the finest wrestling seen at any meeting took place. The leaping, too, was a thing to see and admire. Messrs Bell and Brown were the umpires, and Mr. Margetson, referee. However, their offices on Saturday were happily sinecures. The sports on that day commenced by seven competing for prizes given by the committee for

HIGH LEAPING.

D. Johnson, of Longhead W. Jamison, of Penrith,	Both leaped 9 ft 5 in	and divided the 1st and 2d prize.
Ben Cooper, of Carlisle T. Robinson, of Carlisle,	Both leaped 7 ft 8 in	and divided the 3d and 4th prizes.

The first prize was £1 10s., the second 15s. The unsuccessful men were T Mein, J. Scott, and J. Stuart. This over, no time was lost by the stewards, who at once commenced

THE WRESTLING,

which on this day was open to natives of Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham, and Northumberland; the first event being 20 guineas, for

MEN OF 11 STONE AND UNDER.—FIRST ROUND.

STOOD.	FELL.
Ben Cooper, of Carlisle	J Milner, of Orton
D Johnson, of Longhead	G Newby, of Windermere
T Nicholson, of Carlisle	W Scott, of Carlisle
J Scott, of Carlisle	J Glaister, of Greenhah Hall
T Mein, of Brough	A Wilson, of Windermere
J Gilchrist, of Carlisle	J Stuart, of Whitehaven
J Smith, of Hutton	T Robinson, of Carlisle
Nat Robinson, of Kirby Stephen	W Gilchrist, of Carlisle
J Strong, of Unthank	J Thompson, of Penrith
J Dixon, of Kirby Lonsdale	J Foster, of Stanwix

First round over.

SECOND ROUND.

J Smith.....threw.....D Johnson
Ben Cooper.....threw.....T Mein
Nat Robinson.....threw.....J Scott
T Nicholson.....threw.....J Gilchrist
J Strong.....threw.....J Dixon

Second round over.

THIRD ROUND.

J Strong.....threw.....T Nicholson
Ben Cooper.....threw.....Mat Robinson

J Smith was odd man, which made the third round over.

FOURTH ROUND.

J Smith.....threw.....J Strong

Ben Cooper was odd man, making the fourth round over, and leaving Smith and Cooper to contend for

FIFTH (and last) ROUND, BEST TWO FALLS OUT OF THREE.

Ben Cooper.....threw.....J Smith
Ben Cooper.....threw.....J Smith

Cooper was the favorite at 2 to 1, and 5 to 2. The struggle for the first fall was fine; directly they got hold, Smith tried the hank, but Cooper lifted his man and threw him a fine back fall. A few minutes' rest, and they went at it again, and some severe and good play ensued; Smith tried to lift his man, but was countered by a clever and successful back to heel, and thus Cooper was the victor, and won the 1st prize of 8 guineas; J. Strong and Mat Robinson took 3d and 4th prizes of 2 guineas each; and the next four standards received a prize of 1 guinea each. The wrestling of Cooper—a wiry, lasting, and skillful old blade—was much admired; in fact, more or less, they all played well. This over, the stewards promptly selected sixteen fine stalwart specimens of the athletes from the four counties, to contend for prizes of £5, £2 10s, and two of £1 5s, with the following result:—

SIXTEEN PICKED MEN—ANY WEIGHT—FIRST ROUND.

STOOD.	FELL.
Ben Cooper, Carlisle	D Johnson, Longhead
J Milner, Orton	J Thompson, Penrith
J Blackett, Orton	T Robinson, Carlisle
Noble Ewbank, Bampton	R Wright, Longtown
J Rowlinson, Burton	J Smith, Hutton
J Scott, Carlisle	J Nattress, Weardale
G Glaister, Greenhah Hall	Mat Robinson, Kirkby
B Mathes, Kirkby	T Sharp, Ulverstone

First round over.

SECOND ROUND.

Ben Cooper	J Milner, laid down
J Scott	J Blackett
J Rowlinson	B Mathers
Noble Ewbank	G Glaister

Second round over.

THIRD ROUND.

J Rowlinson	Ben Cooper
Noble Ewbank	J Scott

Third round over.

FOURTH (and last) ROUND.
Best two falls out of three.

J Rowlinson.....threw.....Noble Ewbank
Noble Ewbank.....threw.....J Rowlinson
Noble Ewbank.....threw.....J Rowlinson

And by so doing, Noble Ewbank won the first prize of £5; Rowlinson the second prize of £2 10s; and Ben Cooper and J. Scott the third and fourth prizes, of £1 5s. each. The winner, Noble Ewbank, displayed some of the most skillful wrestling seen in the London ring for many a meeting; the bout between him and R. Wright, in the first round, was a rare and severe struggle between two men of great skill and muscular power; it was a wrestling treat of the very highest order, and brought down the hearty cheers of all on the ground. They are a couple of fine fellows. The final bouts, too, were very exciting; Rowlinson threw Ewbank by the hipe, and thus won the first fall; but Ewbank won the other two falls by fine and scientific play, and thus became the champion of the 16 picked men.

HANDICAP OPEN HURDLE RACE of half a mile, over 3 feet hurdles. The prize of £9 was won by Joseph Hogg, Gateshead; John Blackett, Newcastle, 2; James Blacklock, Felling, 3, beating 8 others. Hogg had 10 yards' start; Blackett, 55; and Blacklock, 40; the others ranging up to 70.

A SACK RACE, for which money prizes to the value of £2 were given, was won by Henry Hopton, Blaydon, beating 5 others.

RIFLE VOLUNTEERS' HURDLE RACE, a quarter of a mile over 2 feet 6 inch hurdles, for which prizes to the value of £8 were given, was won by John Rutherford, 2nd Northumberland Rifles, beating William Temple, Hexham, and 6 others.

POLE LEAP.—PRIZE OF £3.—David Johnson, Longhead, and John Musgrove, Keswick, each leaped 9 feet 6 inches, and divided the prize.

THE TURF IN ENGLAND.

LORD STAMFORD commenced the "legitimate" season as a veritable Cæsar, and *Veni, vidi, vici* may be said of Northampton as far as his Lordship is concerned. His horses Malta, Imaus, King of Hearts and Newcastle, were successful in all their engagements. Malta, (a thousand pound purchase last year) defeated Crater and nine others very cleverly in the Trial Stakes, and after a dead heat for the Whittlebury, Imaus beat Manrico [a good-looking Tadmor] in a canter. Danae, who had been tried at home two stone superior to Jenny, won the Northamptonshire Stakes very cleverly; and King of Kent, who was second with 1st., is a wonderfully improved animal since last season. He will not only now take a prominent position in the Derby betting, but ought to finish among the first three in the struggle at Epsom. Mr. Tom Parr's Derby aspirations were quite knocked on the head by the signal defeat of Kildonan, a leggy, narrow horse, to whom Imaus gave as much as 12lb., and easy beating in the Racing Stakes, although he had two races in him. The Squire of Wantage has backed his horse for as much as £1000 for the Derby, and has now no hope or chance of "hedging." Fravola repeated her last year's performance, in carrying off the Spencer Plate; and oddly enough, Spicebox was also third, as he was on the last anniversary. Mr Perry "Hall" did not win much by his mare's second success, £1000 to £80 being his solitary speculation. King of Hearts won the Althorp Park Stakes, after a very pretty finish with one of Sir Joseph's Duke Rollo. The winner is a very clever colt, and although somewhat small, is a perfect model of a racehorse. The weather was splendid; and the aristocratic company, headed by Lords Derby, Spencer, and Southampton, unusually numerous.

NORTHAMPTON RACES—TUESDAY.

Trial Stakes.—Malta, 1; Crater, 2.
Whittlebury Stakes.—Imaus, 1; Manrico, 2.
Stand Plate.—Miss Lancashire, 1; Jingling Johnny, 2.
Great Northamptonshire Stakes.—Danae, 1; King of Kent, 2.
Pytchley Stakes.—Leontes, 1; Libellous, 2
Her Majesty's Plate.—Joskin, 1; Defender, 2.
Handicap Plate.—The Nun, 1; The Quaker, 2.
Nene Free Handicap.—Rattlesnake, 1; Leontes, 2.

WEDNESDAY.

Delapre Handicap.—Liberality, 1; Lord of the Tees, 2.
Racing Stakes.—Imaus, 1; Kildonan, 2.
St. Leger Handicap.—Atherstone, 1; Wombat, 2.
Althorpe Park Stakes.—King of Hearts, 1; Duke Rollo, 2.
Earl Spencer's Plate.—Fravola, 1; Spanish Fly, 2.
Selling Plate.—Antelope, 1; Yafa, 2.
Northamptonshire Cup Stakes.—Newcastle, 1; Black Diamond, 2
Sweepstakes of 20 sovs.—Twinkle walked over.

CATTERICK RACES—THURSDAY.

Craven Handicap.—Lopcatcher, 1; Malpas, 2
Thirteenth Triennial Stakes.—Sir William Armstrong, 1; King o Kars, 2.
Borough Handicap.—Garrison Beauty, 1, Syringe, 2.
Twelfth Triennial Stakes.—Sambo, 1; Castaway, 2.
Eleventh Triennial Stakes.—Bivouac, 1; Cramond, 2.

[*London News, April 6.*

TROTTING IN ENGLAND.

BESS AND JERRY.—£25 A-SIDE.—The match between Mr. Bence's Jerry and Mr. Pizey's Bess to trot two miles in harness, for £25 a-side, took place on Wednesday, 3d inst., at Hatfield Woodside, from the 17th to the 19th milestone. At three o'clock, all being in readiness, they started, Jerry settling down immediately to his work in good style, while the mare, as was expected, was not so quick on the scratch, thereby losing at least 20 yards. They went steadily for about three quarters of a mile, and the mare was gradually lessening the gap, when she broke, and lost some distance. Again and again did she break, and the cob keeping on steadily, went in a winner by at least 50 yards. Time, 6 min 20 sec, which might have been much less had there been occasion.

PANTHER HUNT.

THE following is a narrative of a panther hunt of an exciting description. Read it:—

"William and Henry Randolph and myself started in the winter of 1851 on a deer hunt, the snow more than knee deep. We started up different ridges, all leading to the top of Paddy Mountain. After I had gone a short distance, I got upon a very large bear track, (as I supposed.) It seemed to plow through the snow just like a horse. I hallooed for the boys; and when they came up they agreed it was a bear. We followed on the track. Did not go far before we saw where it had torn up a deer. We thought it was one the bear had found dead, but soon discovered we were mistaken. It had eaten all the flesh. We saw several smaller tracks around the spot—as we afterwards concluded, those of the female panther. We kept along the top of the mountain, and could see where it would go into den after den of rocks, in and out. Followed on till near dark, when we 'denned it.' It was a desperate-looking place—oh, most terrible.

"We concluded we had better go home and next morning get some dogs, when we would have some fine sport. We had a fatiguing time getting home, tired enough, and after night. Early next morning we started with five dogs, and got to the top of the mountain by sunrise, (six or seven miles.) When we reached the place we found the animal had come out, and the small one with it. We followed their track. They entered and left several dens. As you may guess, it was tiresome work to us. They seemed to travel on the very roughest and most rocky places. We still thought them bear. The track turned and seemed to come back another way. At last it stopped and went in the rocks.

"We were awfully tired and sun nearly down. We made an examination. Desperate looking place, the rocks very high and straight as the wall of a house. The track went around at the base of the cliff, then came to a lower point and got on top. Then it jumped down into a hole between the rocks, six feet deep, and perpendicular. I lay down and peeped over. At the bottom I could see a crack in the side where the beast had gone in.

"Operations began by letting one dog down. He barked, and a growl answered that seemed like the loudest thunder beneath us. Then all the dogs jumped down, and such a growling and such a barking you never heard. We could hear the claws against the rocks. One small dog got well at him, and had four holes bitten into him, you could put your finger in. We still thought it was a bear and would come out, and kept our guns cocked and pointed. It became clear that we must get the dogs out. So we helped William down. He handed up the dogs. They out, all was quiet and nothing to be seen. We pulled William out, but let him down again, to look in the crack at the animal. We had to let him down head foremost and held by the ends of his trowsers. William reports, 'I see his eyes. They are wide apart, and big as a silver dollar.' 'Oh,' says I, 'you are scared.' 'No, I ain't; I can see his head, but can't tell its shape. Take me up, I am sick'—his position throwing the blood to his head.

"So I was put down. Saw his eyes; saw a little light from the crack; saw it was near. My head soon suffered like William's, and I had to be drawn up. Rested a little. I was again put down with a stick to move away the loose rock and widen the crevice. I did so, and made out the color, the short head, and great width between the eyes—head like a tiger and color of a doe. I could only stay long enough to note this, and was again drawn up. Late as it was, and almost broken down as we were, we had short time to parley. There was but one plan. Two must be let down with one gun—one to hold it, and the other to aim and pull the trigger.

"William and I went down together, our weight partly supported by the sides of the well like opening, and partly by Henry's hold of our trowsers. I had to hold the gun upside down, and sight under instead of along the top of it, being inverted myself. All this was passed in less time than it takes me to tell you, as it was impossible to endure the position long. We got the gun pointed. 'A little higher; a little more to the right! A little higher yet! *Pull!*' The echoes of the cavern made the report like that of a cannon.

"We didn't stay down longer than we could help after firing. Henry pulled vigorously, and with the aid of our hands on the rock were soon up. For a little while we could hear the panther struggling in his blood. We let down a dog. No noise followed. Then I was lowered. I saw the game was dead. I crawled in as far as I could. A barrier of rock obstructed me. Over this I reached my arm and got my fore finger in his mouth, but could not move him. Drawn up again, I took my tomahawk and cut some pieces of wood to clear away the snow. This done, we succeeded in finding a place where the rock could be to some extent moved. A pole with a hook at the end was prepared. This we managed to fasten to his hind legs and pulled him out.

"It proved to be a male panther of immense size, *nine feet and one inch* from nose to end of tail, fat, and very heavy. Late as it was, worn out and far from home as we were, we wished to carry him home bodily. Tried to shoulder it but failed. We took off the skin with the paws and scalp, and hung the carcass on a tree. Henry said he had seen the small one escape through the rocks beyond.

"The following spring some Government man came along and said he would give me five dollars to show him the frame of the panther. We went. He found all the bones; put them in a bag, and took them away. And that's the end of my panther hunt."

Harper's Monthly.

HOW QUEEN BEES FIGHT.—Look, now, at the armies as they approach to face one another, but not to fight. Single combat between the sovereigns is the order of the day, and the assembled armies are merely interested spectators, with their f

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1861.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

"WE ARE OUT ON THE OCEAN SAILING."

We are fairly off again, on the ninth voyage of the gallant little CLIPPER, and though we are not apt to indulge in boastful promises or extravagant programmes for the future, yet as the close of a volume formed a suitable stand-point for a simple review of what we had achieved for the past year, so setting forth upon a new annual voyage furnishes a suitable opportunity for expressing our renewed desire to please and benefit our readers by the weekly intercourse we hold with them. And, furthermore, we assure them that this desire will receive a practical exemplification in the labors and results of the weekly manifest of cargo we shall have the honor of laying before them for the coming year.

Every department of legitimate and honorable sport will receive its due measure of space and attention at our hands. We shall honor and encourage not only the sports themselves, but those individually who honor themselves by properly forwarding the true interests and attaining the legitimate results of the various classes of amusement. Every sincere effort to smooth the course and lighten the toils of the ordinary lot of humanity; every advance in individual happiness or social enjoyment; all forms of progress towards truth, both mental and physical; every new attainment of mental, moral, or physical health, every step towards a juster elevation and proper appreciation of the standard of public good taste, and towards correct sentiments as to what constitutes good taste and judicious division of time to labor, rest and pastime—all these will ever find a consistent advocate and reliable ally in us, one not to be chilled into silence by any seeming lack of success, nor led into ill-judged flights of enthusiasm when popularity, perchance, sets for a time in the same direction. Especially, as ever, will the beginner in the path of right-doing, as dictated by good sense and true humanity, receive especial encouragement, instruction and assistance from our columns.

And let the charlatan beware our watchful eye. He who but pretends to join the ranks of true sportsmen, or the company of the true seeker after physical health by means of suitable exercise and genial relaxation—we say, who does this but to forward some selfish end, or gain some surreptitious notoriety, had better beware. No guise how specious soever can very long hide such from the light of truth and the shame of exposure. The tricks of the swindler to carry improper ends, and such sometimes occur even in sports good and true of themselves, should ever reap such severe fruits. Sports, to be truly valuable and accomplish their legitimate results for society, must be conducted on those high principles of truth and honor which should reign in the breast of every true man, even paramount to the claims and technicalities of written law; so that all classes, simple as well as shrewd, those unused to the "ways of the world," as well as the largely experienced in men and manners, may betake themselves to some congenial form of its manifold phases, assured that good shall accrue from the enjoyment itself, and of honorable and considerate treatment from his fellow devotees.

We anticipate, and with just reason, a prosperous and remunerative voyage for the year before us. Our little craft will be loaded to the water's edge with the freight of sports, so that all must be prepared not to complain if only the choicest parts of each bill of lading are taken, that with the best of all, each in its own proper sphere, we may make up a weekly cargo at once fresh, spirited, and of super-excellence. Whatever phase of labor each succeeding week presents to our hands, will be achieved earnestly and with our might, and we bespeak all honorable co-operation.

DISASTROUS INAUGURATION OF THE TROTTING SEASON.—The owners and lovers of fast nags resident at and about Newton, N. J., held their first trotting meeting on the 12th inst., which resulted rather disastrously to some of them, as detailed in the sequel. It appears that during the excitement which grew out of the licensing of the new tavern at Deckertown, a trot was concocted between a horseman at that place and one of the Newton worthies, which took place, and concluded rather unfortunately for both. The Deckertown horse, after the first heat, and while scoring for the second, became unmanageable, and ran away; his driver let him go around the track, and when coming towards the stand, where the Newton animal was placed in readiness, he ran into the latter, throwing the wagon over, and spilling the driver, who was somewhat hurt. The Deckertown horse was himself thrown and his driver fell among the ruins of the vehicle. The crowd secured the horse before the man was looked after, for which indignity he berated them soundly. We hear several of his ribs were broken. On the same afternoon a portion of the same party was upset while turning around on a full run, near the Willard House, and John Giveans of this place was seriously hurt; his shoulder being dislocated and his face severely cut. Asa Carr, of Deckertown, who, it is said, owned the team, was also seriously hurt; the others were not injured.

GYMNASTICS IN BOSTON.—An exhibition took place at the Tremont Gymnasium, on the 13th inst., under the able superintendence of J. H. Dodd, who is said to be a great favorite among the athletes in that city. Notwithstanding the bad weather, a large auditory were present to witness the various feats, among which the following were the most deserving of mention:—Mr. W. Blakey, a young man 17 years of age, lifted, apparently with ease, a weight of 1016 lbs. Messrs. Alden and Bushnell proved themselves to be gymnasts of the first order in their performances of strength and agility on the parallel bars, rings, vaulting bar, &c. The aerial feats of the Bros. Snow on the trapeze were executed in a manner that showed great power of muscle and nerve. The exercises of the evening concluded with tumbling by the various gymnasts, and a series of new and novel acrobatic feats by Bros. Snow and their pupil, Master Clay. The enthusiastic manner in which the audience applauded the different performances, gave evidence that they were well pleased.

GYMNASTICS AT POUGHKEEPSIE.—A public exhibition at Prof Sinnhold's Gymnasium, took place on the 17th inst. A large number of spectators were present. The young gentlemen who took part in the practice showed their muscle to the best possible advantage, and everything passed off most delightfully to the entire party. Some cutting and well timed remarks from the Rev. Mr. Cutting, at the close, contributed largely to increase the good humor. The Reverend gentleman evidently plies the axe at the root of the tree in his vocation, by visiting the stronghold of Sinn. We should like to know, however, whether his remarks were in favor of or against Sinn.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.—BULLY FOR "OLD SOUTHWARK."—The following daring feat was performed at Philadelphia on the 15th inst. It appears that the halyards of the flagstaff on Spring Garden Hall were broken, and it was impossible to properly display the Stars and Stripes from that eminence. A young man named William Oliver, a resident of "Old Southwark," engaged to reeve the halyards in the dark. The flagstaff is fifty feet high from the roof, and the top of it is perhaps 140 feet from the surface of the street. The rain was pouring down in torrents, and after the adventurer had made two attempts, he reached the top, accomplished the task, and the flag was unfurled to the breeze. The feat was a hazardous one, and required a stout heart and strong limbs to accomplish it. The success was received with great cheers.

GETTING MODEST.—On the evening of the 6th inst., Count Le Brun, while playing a game of billiards at his Billiard Hall, Milwaukee, made, it is said, the extraordinary run of 2100 points by caroms, when becoming fatigued, he relinquished his cue and displaced the ball's with his hand. The carooms were fairly made, and the run commenced during the progress of an ordinary game. Mr. Le Brun having made a very considerable score around the table, finally by skilful playing "wedged" the balls in the corner, and achieved the feat stated. It is *one* of the largest on record. The modesty exhibited in claiming it as *one* of the largest, instead of *the* largest run on record, is commendable. Go it again, Al.

BOSTON CRICKET CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the B. C. C., held at their rooms on the 12th inst., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, S. Frank Crockett; Vice President, Wm. Kilmer; Secretary, Wm. H. Davis; Treasurer, A. J. Mercer; Business Committee, S. Frank Crockett, A. J. Mercer, M. Doherty, T. Sullivan. The club is in a flourishing condition, and anticipate a lively season on the "field."

SLEIGHING.—There have been about 115 days of sleighing in New Hampshire since the beginning of December, 1860.

A LITTLE DOG TALK.

TOM QUICK, who contributes to the columns of the New York *Leader*, in his last sketch indulges in some very *apropos* remarks on the subject of dog fighting and "dog poisoning." Tom is wrong, however, concerning Marriott. This man had charge of the slut Kate, when she was matched to fight Rosie, in 1859. When the animals appeared in the pit, it was so palpable that Kate had been rubbed with something pernicious, that the referee at once decided against Marriott. Marriott sued for his money, and got it. For that act he has been tabooed by even the dog fighters. But hear what Tom Quick says:—

"We ever loved Dog Tray, and well remember what a walloping he got for being in bad company, if we can rely on an old school book for truth and veracity. Talking of 'Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart,' turns our mind to the cruel sports of dog fighting—and we wonder that we ever had a liking for it. There is no use going back on the fact that we would travel miles to see a clinch or a turning-up between the growlers. That day, thank the stars! is no more, and we are nowhere when the sport of Harry Jennings is trumps. What sickened us of it and turned our liking in another channel, we shall tell about before posting those who still cry 'catch him, Towser,' or bet their change on a canine conflict, how 'there is cheating in all trades but curs.' Nat Sherrard, whom we have often named in our memoirs, was a butcher in Clinton Market, when Walter Hayes was a king-pin barkeeper directly opposite. Well, Sherrard had a bull dog that I had won many a dollar on for his holding qualities—and then bull terriers were not as fashionable or as high bred as now. A bully crowd of sports was assembled in Walter's, and dog talk had the chair, while Nelse Brewer and Abe Centies had front seats. Mike Roberts offered to bet that he could show a dog that would catch and hold a red-hot iron bar. Abe Nash—Aleck's brother—said he would produce a twenty two pound dog that would throw the wildest steer that could be found in one month, in any butcher's yard. In fact, several of those present named certain things which their dogs could do, offering to back their say with the rhino. I noticed that a butcher—I dare not name him, but many will remember who I allude to by the account I give—was laying back for a ten strike. When all were done and he had a chance to open, he said that he would bet a hundred or two that his slut, calling her by name, would not only do all that any of their dogs could, but that she would, after each fore leg was chopped off to the knee joint, not only come up to the scratch, but offer to catch. When I think of the proposition, my old blood tingles with shame that I could have remained to hear such cruelty spoken—and yet I did, and saw the bet taken by as big a brute, and the money socked up in a stakeholder's hands, the affair to be decided in the slaughter house yard soon after the next day's market. I called in my back wages from the boss, and took the odds that the slut would do all that her owner had backed her to do—that is, come to the scratch upon her mutilated stumps. Oh! that somebody had had a good rawhide, and laid it in good earnest upon my back for going there; and that all the lovers of sport who gazed and applauded the nerve of the brute had have, as they did no doubt, seen it in their sleep for years after! Talk about a bear bait or a bull fight which you read about the Spaniards loving—they are nothing to this. I was there when they whistled the old slut out of her kennel. She growled to see so many present, but her eye soon recognized her master, and she wagged her tail in gladness; and the monster man went up to the brute, patted and smoothed her sides—not with both hands—oh! no!—for how could he? One of them held a newly sharpened clever, the instrument with which he was to cripple and maim the most faithful friend he had on earth—the dog who had been victor for him in many fights, whose many scars upon face and neck had brought dollars to his pockets, and whose old age and toothless gums alone prevented her from still being a fighter.

"Some of the devils present now scored the scratch in the ground, by drawing a sharp pointed stick through it about ten feet from the dog house; and while they did it, the ugly slut was playing with and jumping upon her master. But it was soon time the play should end. There was rougher work on hand, the old lion and aged gladiator must be made mad. The courage and rage that had lain dormant for many a day must be aroused. Even if it requires hot coals of fire, she must be angered, or the good master that she had served so faithfully would lose his wager. So he cuffs her down, and cries out:—'Seize him!' But it wouldn't do—she only crouched and looked sorrowfully in her master's eye. A kick, and then a cudgel—but it was in vain; she would not even growl at such treatment, for it was from the one she loved. Now a stranger rushed at her with uplifted hands. In an instant all is changed. The old Tigress was aroused. She sprung towards her foe with such force that the tightening chains pulled her back. Now another ran at her, and soon another, while her owner cried out:—'Seize him, take care!' She was almost raving mad; the foam thickned on her lips, and she was in fine condition for the axe. She was unchained, and her noble master took his faithful dog within his arms and bore her growling from the tormentors to the block. They kept at their work in order that the fiend who was to knock off her fore legs might make a clean job of it. His good friend now with one hand seized the toes, and stretched the legs across the block. The hatchet was raised, the striker took good aim at the joint, and the foot fell from the leg. Quickly the other was seized; while she kept growling at her foes, in her desire to get at them, feeling not the pain of her maimed body. The axe fell again, and another limb was severed. She gave a jerk, looked her master in the face again, and he threw her bleeding upon the ground, with full voice shouting:—'Seize him!' Her tormentor stood by the scratch; the slut made for him, but could hardly move. Her master shouted again, and she found a way to get along. She raised her body by main force from the ground, and as it was clear, with her hind legs she gave a spring which set her on her way but a few inches. One would imagine that the pain of falling on those bleeding stumps would have stopped her in her purpose; but no—on she goes, inch by inch, leaving a red track behind her. One jump more, and her head was over the scratch—the bet was won. The money was handed over to the lucky fiends who cried:—'Good dog!' and patted her as she laid there, weak, sore, tired, licking her wounded limbs, as she would even then lick the hand of the master who made her the crippled thing she was! Oh! I have cried for forgiveness for witnessing that sight; and I have loved the friendship of dogs ever since, and would share my dinner with the poorest cur on earth in respect for that poor slut. But mark you, lovers of canine sports! the afterclaps that befel this brave dog's master. I must not tell you the full particulars, for they would be terrible. Let this suffice—he died stone blind, a pauper and a drunkard. God's hand was in it, I have ever believed. Some of you may do that which is nearly as brutal, in some unguarded moment; and although now in affluence and health, you may, in your old days, be stricken down with some dreadful calamity, and not dream why the hand that caused it has overwhelmed you so sadly. Look back, and you will be sure to know.

"That dog-fighting is a cruel practice, none will deny; and the able pen that pictured in *The Herald* the fight between the Brooklyn and English dogs, one would believe, loved the sport—and, in order that those who read it might find an excuse for so doing, or the editor for publishing it, interlarded the finish with choice bits of horror at the brutal sport. But that is not the way to abolish it, or make the patrons discard it. The only cure is to expose the fools who bet their money on a dog-fight, and the tricks of the trade practised. This will kill it out, in the same way that trotting has been done for. Who ever read the report of the fight in *The Herald* will remember that it speaks of washing and tasting the dogs by those who were to handle them, but does not name the cause of it. It was to discover if the dogs had been drugged.

"But to come to the point—I would be willing to bet a house and lot, if I had it, that the next time the English slut Bess fights, she will lose, unless this timely exposure of the arts and sciences of a dog fighter should prevent it. Let any Sport ask John Marriott or Jonathan Youdale why it is that they are no more found in the ring, with their stock of good dogs, as it used to be? Two to one they will answer you by saying, 'The times are too sharp for us,' or, 'We want to give the young ones a chance;' but it ain't so. That's only a dodge. The reason is, that a set of bad fellows have got the floor, and no fair or square matches are made. The first dodge is, if your opponent is not posted, to drug your dog with a certain poison rubbed in his hair; so that when he is bitten, the antagonist will inhale or swallow it, and in a brief time sicken and weaken him, so that he will be unable to make his turn. This, however, is seldom done, as all parties interested are too wide awake—or, as the old sying goes, 'have been thar;' but the dangerous one to outsiders and the patrons who attend to bet on a result, is this, and it is the reason why I feel sore that Bess will lose her next fight. To illustrate what I mean, I will presume the owners and backers to be the actors in the supposed illustration. Having beaten Rosie, who was considered the ablest at her weight in this country, they weep, like Cæsar, that they have no more worlds to conquer. They have been at great expense, funds are getting low, and to raise the wind in some way, a dodge must be resorted to, as no dog on the square can be found to accept their challenge; and if one could be found there would be no chance, as the odds would be heavy on their side, and that would not begin to pay. So they make overtures to the owner of some dog with a good reputation, and make a sham match for a good amount, the condition being that Bess is to lose. But how can she do it? you will inquire. Keep still—that is just what I am going to show.

"The fight is announced to come off on a certain day, and a few friendly outsiders, who are not known as friends of the Bess party, go about among the canine exchanges, where the likeness of many a good dog graces the walls, and offer to take odds that Bess will be whipped. These offers are greedily scapped up, and duplicates asked for. Larger odds are asked for and granted. In the meantime it is known all over that the owner and friends of Bess, the champion, are betting freely and backing heavily their dog to win. Tais is the point that deceives the knowing ones, who, if it were not so, would smell the rat at once and cry peecavi, and the whole thing fail; yet they are deceived, for the bets are all made with their own friends in the secret, and the same money is bet over and over again. The night for the fight is on hand; all the money is bet that can be got; the fight is soon to commence; all the formality of tasting and washing is gone through with; the betters, spectators, and knowing ones, in particular, are satisfied that it is a square thing. On goes the fight. It is dog and dog for a while; now Bess is the favorite, and warms her antagonist well. It is dollars to cents that Bess wins—turn and turn have been handsomely done. A connoisseur now notices that Bess weakens—lags a little, to his quick artistic eye—and he thirks of hedging. He bawls out two to one against Bess. One not so wide awake takes it. That Bess grows weak is perceptible to all now—numbers want to hedge, but it is too late. The fight proceeds, until at last it is Bess's turn. She is willing, but has not the strength to reach the score; stops, rolls over on her side, and dies. Has she been defeated fairly? No! a moment before she was brought in, a capsule, containing cotton saturated with a deadly poison, the poor thing was made to swallow. Until the capsule dissolved, the poison could not work. This would allow her time to fight a while. But, true to its mission, it does dissolve, and while she struggles and is applauded by her backers, the drug is working through her veins. Nobly she strives to win; but nature gives way and she falls, that ruffian cheats and vagabonds may rob fools of their money."

SPARRING.

MIKE TRAINOR'S SOIREE.

Wednesday, the 10th, at Montgomery-hall, Prince-street, was the time and place set apart for a "lift" to the original "boy with the auburn hair," or Handsome Mike, or Mickey Dido, or whatever you like to call him—always providing the call is in time for supper. The contiguity of The Ivy Green to the hall, enabled our fellow citizens, Brothers Johnny Monaghan and Flory Macarty, to feather their nest with silver lining for one night at least. This is regular, and as it should be. "Live and let live" is the hobby we ride on, and believe in putting obstables in no man's way; this will be more readily understood when we suggest an equal division of patronage between Kerrigan's and Prince-street for future benefits. Early in the evening things looked dubious, but towards nine o'clock the seats and standees were all taken up, until it got to be a jam. A larger attendance than usual of the members of the P. R., showed Mike to be in high favor; the following were conspicuous:—John Woods, Tom the Boatman, Jem Kelly, Jingles, Duffy, the Lazarus Family, Flory Macarty, Johnny Monaghan, Charley Holmes, Butcher, Tom Mack, Johnny, Roche, Danny Quinn, Murphy, Gallus Mike, and numbers of others whom we can't call by name, but whose mugs are very familiar. A fair sprinkling of broad cloth from the Plaza, a good share of mechanics, a number of quills or students, and the showman from Chatham street, who shut up shop, leaving the golden ox to chew his cud of—we'd almost written tobacco—sweetness, and the water bison to meditate on his next meal. Most every other man was complaining of the "dip," and sore throats were quoted above par; there was sneezing, coughing, and expectorating enough to cause an undertaker to chuckle at the thought of a brisk trade. One of these same, Paul McG., has been dodging about our rez the past five weeks, after our corpus, but up to the present writing he has gone empty away, and begins to think of giving it up as a bad job. Roche has been very bad with it, and so has Butch, and if we had to have the month of March over again, Fate help some of us—another month like the last would sweep off all the consumptives in the country. Two friends who had been troubled with tubercles forming on the wind pipe, inside, have been effectually cured by gin and molasses; this is said to completely clear the throat of any substance formed there, provided it is resorted to in the early stage of the disease. This simple recipe is worth a trial to the afflicted. The only man that "couldn't complain" was Uncle Bill; all he wanted was a cottage in a wood, or a hotel in this wicked city.

OLD TOVEE coupled the imported roosters, and a stage was built for the occasion; the early birds secured seats, and the late ones had to stand it, whether or no. There's no occasion to repeat Trainor's deeds of valor because they've been recorded in back numbers, and all interested don't forget such things. Therefore we'll cut it short, and pitch right in, simply prefacing with the remark that more slam-bang hasn't been witnessed in a dog's age. Away we go, then.

HOLYWOOD AND GRADY.—Did you ever see Punch and Judy, or the Bummer's Retreat? If so, you can form an idea how these lads "punched each other without money and without price"—only for fun, as the Connaught man said when he walloped his old woman. They couldn't have done better had their "pieces" been looking on, and as for saying who was the best, it's no airy matter. Ah! we have it, they were both the best. So?

KERRIGAN AND HENLY.—The junior will never disgrace his family in this line of biz, because, like the light-weight champion, Dan, he's all there, and don't go 'way when the music commences. As for his antag, who was bigger, stronger, and uglier, he couldn't make a tye of it, but had to taste 'em and try 'em more than he bargained for. Kerry, Jr., waited his chances, and always nailed Hen smack on the kisser every time that worthy got too familiar. Three times did the little fellow floor the other, and throughout showed nothing like nervousness. A chip of the old block or a branch of the same tree is Kerry, and he always commands attention from the fact of being Dan's brother.

DONNELLY AND DRUMGOOLE.—With more readiness than perhaps was good for them, Billy and Drum formed a set. Now, Drum takes a benefit to-night (Tuesday), and we shall see whether it was best he should box with the same fellow, for Mike's accommodation, that is to wind up with him on his own night. We shall see what we shall see. Remarks on their splendid set-to we defer until another trial is taken; but one thing is certain, there'll be lively times at 22, and "wake snakes" is the war cry. Bill runs with 11, Drum with 22! Why don't yer take the butt?

CORNELL AND CONKLIN.—For style, two better dressed pugs don't walk the Bowery or eat at Crooksey's. Great chums are Corn and Cork, too, yet they make out to show peculiar tokens of friendship when stripped and muffled, very marked tokens. What do you think Jerry did? We'll tell you: Milage had been hopping and skipping about as lively as you please, every once in a while saluting Jeremiah's horn of plenty, and showing a large amount of assurance; this the Pud stood for a time, until forbearance ceased to be a virtue, when, with flashing eye and contracted brow, he let go such a magnificent brace of fives, that Corny found himself tripped completely off the stage, and the little dogs laughed to see the sport. After such a *coup d'main*, our old Chatham theatre special kept peery, and whispered "nix the weeden, cully," but 13 didn't see it, for he couldn't read the slang, and came within an ace of repeating the dose again. "You'll do, Mr. Oysterman, and as for Milage, he won't be foolish enough to get his back up, we hope, or feel huffey about it—not he; no, not he.

MCLANE AND TUOHEY.—A right down good thing, as Verdant Green had it, and a regular up and down glove fight. Each man is op-time with his left, and not much behind with the right hand. Fun and deviltry characterized the mill, and Tommy felt jollier than usual—Japanese Tommy we mean—why, we don't know, unless he was in the Ivy Green just before, and if so, then it was so. That's logic with a vengeance. Hughy is the same that fought Monaghan for three hours in a room, without any preparation, and that alone is enough to prove what he's made of. Eddy offered to have a shy with one of the light weights for fun; light weight didn't want any for fun, but chanted half a century—this the white head didn't have, but a friend socked up a pony for him; the light weight wouldn't listen to any thing short of $50, therefore there'll be no fight—nary time. Ol kerect!

KIDNEY AND HILL.—This we didn't see, as force was used to put us out of the room, down a flight of stairs, and hauled before the bar. (Oh! Drum you have much to answer for.) Jingles and Tom the Boatman said it was the greatest performance they ever witnessed; so you'll have to believe 'em, as they are men of great voracity.

Two BOYS unfortunately belted each other like blazes, the black one coming out of the fight the better man, or rather boy.

MONAGHAN AND WISKLE.—A much better display is usual from these worthies. There was a something about both that prevented those sure hits and neat stopping so common in other "meets." Johnny keeps two hotels going, and that has something to do with his part—but it's not satisfactory, for we hear somebody traduce us with the likes of this: "You've always got some excuse or other for a man that don't happen to be up to the mark." Maybe so, Mr. Man, and trust we always shall have. We don't care how bad the "cracks" make out, they're always more acceptable than lykers and slouches. That's so!

CLARK AND CODY.—"They have fought the good fight" occurs in some place, but was not meant to praise prize fights; still it fits the two shorty boys so well, there's no harm done. Nobby and Jack were matched in every respect, height, age, and skill; the Champion has never before been so evenly palled, and it was rattle and snap, nip and tie, and an even thing from top to toe. It gave great satisfaction, a volley of cheers greeting the different points made, and another as they retired. Nobby and Morton keep a hotel at 221 Centre street, next door to King Harry's shop-house; so does Harry Clark, somewhere near his brother Bill's, in Laurens street, but not having paid a visit yet, we dinna ken the number. When we do go, you'll all hear of it.

From the rush towards the lower part of the hall, something was on the *qui vive* there, and presently the cry of Woods! John Woods! arose, swelling gradually until all the house were Wood men (not old Single-Eye) At this demonstration, John elbowed his way through the crowd, mounted the stage, took up his tile, and was about coming the orator, when Charley Holmes, who up to this time had been as quiet as a cockroach, jumped up and gave three cheers for the Yankee, which was given with a will, and Charles relapsed into silence again. John looked graciously at Charley, (at least his noddle was turned that way) and proceeded to state his object of being present, viz, to spar for Trainor, but there was none in the room to have it with. Here the boys spied the popular Australian Kelly in a retired corner, and up went the tally-ho of Kelly! Kelly!! Kelly!!! but Jem couldn't come, as a very bad hand made it impossible; otherwise, he would have been happy to oblige. Bravo, Jem? John, finding no one to conquer, gave out that some talk had been going on about him and Ned Price, of which they all knew. He was about to have a benefit soon; Price had volunteered to wind-up, and he wanted all to come and see for themselves who proved the best man! Big talk this—fight talk, too; but John's a big man. From the buzzing all over town of late about these men, when that benefit comes off, a bully crowd will be there to see who is the leading boxer of the day, John Woods or Ned Price! Things is working, and the end is not yet. John, do you want to know who started your name last Wednesday night? It was Jingles and Tom the Boatman: to this we'll take our davy on the eight volumes of THE CLIPPER.

The Veteran made a little speech about matters and things, apologized for the wrestling not being performed (probably on account of the weather), thanked the audience and the boxers for being present, but omitted anything about himself; and for the crowd we hereby thank Old Bill for his services.

TRAINOR AND RATH.—The handsome boxer sported a ferocious moustache, dyed to the most dazzling jet black, completely changing his appearance, and causing many to mistake him for Tom Bowen, (who, by the way, might just as well as not have sparred with Woods). Ould Jack looked prime, was full of fire, and made up his mind to knock spots out of gentle Mike, but, alack-and-well-a-day, he had counted without the cost, for he found his young opponent right there every time he paid a visit, and fully equal in every respect, considering the difference in weight. Though friendly throughout, their dial-plates were turned crimson, the perspiration fell like rain, and a harder day's work is very seldom got through with. Those who think there's fun in boxing for half an hour at railroad speed in a crowded room, of a hot night, without a breath of air, are very much mistaken. Jack is so awful difficult to get at that Mike received more than usual, because Bath most always has that left out, and by doing this, together with his jumping about, can't help reaching its object. Their set-to was a gem long to be remembered, and at half-past ten all was serene and lovely, as though nothing had happened. On our way to the cars we dropped in at 444 just in time to see "Our Mary" doing a medley, Velarde, the Highland Fling, Tyrolean Trio, by Leslie, Millie and Mary, and the Bummer's Retreat, a farce of the most delicious kind. "The Milliners" we did'nt see, preferring to make a special visit for that.

YOUNG DRUMGOOLE'S BENEFIT.

If our hero had been a stranger, there never could possibly have been got together such a mass of young and vigorous musclemen as convened at 22 White street on Tuesday night, 16th inst. For five nights, on a stretch, it had done nothing but rain, and it was'nt to be supposed that the celebrated weather-cock, Old Meriam, would make it otherwise for such a horrible thing as a buffing main—therefore, for this diabolical April shower of four days, you must lay it to the Brooklyn Heights philosopher. But for all that, the house was packed like a box of figs, and the rain without had no effect on the harmony within. Again, it was only the night before that a descent was made on the house for the unlawful practice of dog-fighting, and a number "cabined, cribbed, and confined" for the night in a damp, fœtid-smelling cell, there to ponder the matter over as to whether they'd ever be fools enough to get caught in the same fix again. This is the second time in a few weeks that the Metropolitans have visited the same establishment, and we fear the next call will bring things to a crisis either one way or the other; so, hard-a-port, boys, and keep your weather-eye open. To enumerate the young fellows present would be a dusty job, and we should have to "borry" the roll-call of old Black Joke, Chelsea, Hudson, Knickerbocker, Union, Jackson, Mazeppa, and half a dozen other fire companies; you'll have to excuse such a honerous hundertaking, as, were we to go round for the same, somebody would be high before even 33's grounds had been travelled over—would'nt it turn out so, Jim Ackerson? Mike Trainor might have had pretty much all of us up-towners, only Dr. Cahill lectured in the 42d street church the same night, and though two quarters was the tariff "for to" hear the Doctor, many paid it in preference to going down town to see Mike. Colonels Foley and William Fitzpatrick, with an attachment on their arms, occupied a prominent position on that occasion.

What do you think has been going the rounds lately? Why, that we were spliced, and had married a Miss Donowho, of a very wealthy family in Ireland. It's no such thing—don't believe a word of it, for so long as the "Armenia" takes passengers aboard, we've no time to bother with a "frow." Who started the rumor has not transpired, although we have strong suspicions it originated under the Dime Savings Bank, corner of Canal and Varick streets, and if any dependence is to be placed on the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, Mons. Kelly, (a marble-arted Fudgin, who is never happy only when the bar-keeper is jerking over a glass of old ale towards him,) is the man. If it comes to all that, may we be permitted to ask:—How's "Ruben?" yes, Mike, how's Ruben? caught at last, old fel': (ha, ha, ha! with chorus by the Great Mogal, Smithy, the Rabbi, Murray Billy, Saucy Davy, Jim the Collier, Oullen the Rouncer, Types the Apostle, Bonny-faced George, and all the members of the Young Men's Christian Association) We'll teach you how to trifle with a feller's affections in that manner.) Come, take something on this, boys? What'll ye have? Drink hearty, and charge it to Kelly for our sake.

Drumgoole, though quite a young man, has long ago earned a reputation in the legitimate way, instead of getting up in the world by visiting and performing in the sparring-rooms; his *forte* is fighting, and nothing short of it. His ring performances have been very numerous for his years, but being for little or nothing financially, the great public have been kept in the dark, and only the initiated can have the privilege of knowing exactly what the boy's made of. Probably had not that clever battle with Stockey, in Richmond, come to light in the papers, he would still keep shady to strangers, but as he has earned a public reputation, retirement is out of the question. The little man's gallant conduct in Virginia gained him hosts of friends, and presents of every kind were tendered with a very liberal hand. A dozen of the finest game birds to be had, with jewelry and other fixins, were freely given, and several influential men promised to set him up in business whenever he could make it convenient to settle there. In the present lamentable condition of our country, with the secession of the "mother of Presidents" ringing in our ears as we write, it is doubtful whether he will accept their hospitality, but should "all things work out for good," as we hope and pray, then will Drum again make a journey down South. Wherever he does go, we heartily endorse his character to be upright, manly, and generous. The enormous attendance at the benefit fully proves all we can say, for the whole house were personal friends, three-fourths hailing from his own neighborhood, the Border Ward. The sparrers, too, showed the same peculiarity, as many of the names are quite unfamiliar to certain localities, and for this reason we may have got off the track a little in conjuring up from memory their cognomens three days after the affair took place. Should any find themselves "among the missing," they must make the necessary allowance, and all we've to do now after ushering in Father Tovee, is to report proceedings "as they was" to our eye.

A JEW AND GENTILE opened the ball, and operations were so-so, with the Chatham-street's pet up head. Tove allowed he used to spar quite often when he was "so year old," to use a Yankee phrase meaning extreme juvenility, but we've no packages with his name on stowed away in our memory box, so you'll have to take the old man's word for it. At any rate, the follower of Moses was perfectly at home, and even inclined to flash, stripping to the buff, and assuming the tricks of an artful dodger.

GRADY AND HOLYWOOD, as usual, bang up to the mark and full of fire. It's a pity they're so small, because they command little excitement, whereas, were they even of age and light weights, the whole town would be in an uproar at such bully boxing as they always give. The Patlanders enjoyed the affair hugely, all the time keeping up a series of real old Irish witticisms as the kids played on each other's nobs. "Howly mother of Moses! they'll murder each other!" bawled out Hicks, the pirate, as sparks seemed to fly every time they hit, but devil a ha'perth did they mind it at all, at all. Yez'll all know Grady by the nose of him—och! it's a beautiful nose he has!

DUBLIN MIKE AND JACK MURPHY struck up a lilt so gaily O, that several addlepates went to blackguarding Dublin, little thinking of the retort he so sharply spat out afterwards. Things were working quite neat until a Murphyman got excited, and screamed out for Jack to give it to him:—"That's it! Billy Hayes to all Dublin!" and other curious originalities from the aforesaid, caused Michael to get rambunctious—he even solicited any one of his size to come down and try it on, but there was nary come down, or else none specified wanted any:—"Not this evening," whispered a half-corned Irish American in our hearing, "for I've no wish to make your wife a widow!" Instead of this doing Murphy any good, it worked just the other way, and the insulted one got quite savage, dealing out his chips as if determined to burst the establishment. Jack struggled hard to square it with his big opponent, but it was no go, he being completely overmatched. There was any quantity of hugging, so disgusting to look at, and Mike seemed bent on giving Jack a reserved seat on his unmentionable. All things considered, Bill Hayes performed very well; so did Mike, only his feelings were hurt, and he turned spouter. A little nearer in size, Mike, and next pop can't help turning out a good one. Dublin Mike, while out of town, tried his best to get a match on with Jonas Fox, of Philadelphia; the latter, however, was too much of a fox for him, and slipped out in his usual way. Since Jonas' advent in the States, he's challenged about a dozen men, and never been fortunate enough to get up a fight; either Jonas must be a terror, or else the whale's belly shields him from harm, like a person of similar name all in ye olden time—which is it?

DUFFY AND PORGY JOE mounted the ramparts, and battered each other's indicators. Duffy for choice all through; he proved the better man; he upset the fat boy's apple cart, and otherwise took French liberties; he also bled his patient freely for the good of his health; every body said Porgy had too much claret, and all appeared to think it was done just in time. There's nothing like leather after all, and Duffy has many of the peculiarities belonging to the shoemaking. A big thing on Duffy!

PROF. ROBERTS volunteered to sing, and gave the Wild Irish Boy and Long Barney; his peculiar and quaint way of doing these reminded us of the Green Isle, and from the watery eyes of many present, the subjects went right home to them. He was deliriously applauded, especially after the verse about the Godlike and immortal WASHINGTON.

MOORE AND MCCABE didn't care a button for hard thumps, only Mac looked a little astonished when Brockey came the long distance shots; he also swung his arms about ludicrously, showing himself to be somewhat green at the biz. Brock, for such a slim, genteel-looking canine fancier, astonished us completely at the force of his blows, and also at his prime judgment in aiming for vulnerable parts, most of the shots being directed at the mark. Good nature prevailed, and after a good rally, hostilities ceased. We think this was Brockey's first appearance. Tweet, tweet!! rats! rats!

BILLY CLARKE AND PADDY NOLAN mingled harmoniously, and exchanged the courtesies of the season. So far theirs was the best, and Nobby kept Paddy flashing his ivories right through it, because he couldn't take the short boy's fort without shot for shot. The short-breed makes out to get at men a head taller somehow or other, for that sinister duke reached every time Patsy's did. Nolan tried the right, with a right-about-wheel, but even this didn't trouble him: 'cause why? he'd been there before. A brilliant rally ended this excellent set-to. From Clake's keeping a mill, a wag said it was a struggle betwixt a publican and sinner. Maybe it was, but we didn't *comprehendevous*, as they say in Paris.

MURPHY AND BRENNAN amused us greatly; the latter is so infernal flashy that he was christened "Style" by a Dead Rabbit present. When they got close it didn't look so bad, but the off-sparring was very droll. Plenty of slogging punches happened on both sides, and their friends cheered them gaily. There's nothing like it, so sail in.

CON FOLEY AND TOM MCGREAL, whom we introduced personally through these columns, met for the first time hand to hand, toe to toe. For big guns their set-to was a stirring affair, and each man spread himself. The Greenhorn cut up shines, played pranks, and acted Mr. Merryman all over; now he would make believe to come in on a rush to surprise Con, but seeing his long arm steadied for a counter, gaily jumped back with a grin; then a dash would be made at Con's nose (and we all know it to be of unusual prominence), yet that arm was still there, ever ready to sail on its mission the moment war was declared; try whichever way he would, Foley's eye was on him, and seeing he must get tit for tat, Tom let 'er went, and high times they had of it—Tom leading, Con countering—Tom on the body, and Con on the muzzle. In their several rallies nothing but downright milling took place; it was just like they do in a fight—going it with their dead might on both head and body. So far everything was lovely, but in the last round, and while engaged in a stunning rally, Tom's head accidentally came in contact with Con's right ogle, causing it to swell quicker than lightning, and to be surrounded with a rainbow. Thus, a splendid set-to, which had pleased the whole house, ended unpleasantly for the principal cause of their enjoyment; but as such things will happen,

even in the best regulated families, there's no use crying over spilt milk, although Con said it was just his luck because he had to tend a hop in the same week. "What can't be cured must be endured."

DICK AND MOOSE knocked smithereens out of each other, the one being right handed, the other left; they were friends, so that's nothin'; they were only in fun. All right, then; all right.

GRADY AND BRICE punched away at the head, nose, and eyes, and all that sort of thing, Grady having the lead and keeping it throughout. Brice thought he got too much pork for a shilling, even if Grady had been on before.

DRUMGOOLE AND DONNELLY here appeared for the wind-up. As a prelude, Uncle Bill gave out that the music having failed to connect, the jigging couldn't go on, but he hoped all were satisfied; he then returned Drum's thanks to the numerous audience and sparrers. As he introduced the game cocks, an Irishman remarked they were "two fine b'ys"—all that, we could have told him long ago, "and more too." While Drum had a sturdy, fresh, and healthy appearance, Billy seemed fat, flabby, and full five years older in appearance than when he fought Tom Fox; yet it was Billy still, for the first two leads of Drum's, the image of Old Dan Donnelly was about six feet back; this gait not suiting our fellow wardsman, he wasted no more of that sort; by letting Billy in close, he tried one for 11's boys, got it home, and looked pleased. Next time Drum caromed on the last shot, giving two for one, and pretty sharp ones, at that; for this Dry Dock made a grand charge, and rallied the beneficiare back to the ropes. Next pop Billy looked stale, and Drum got home very effectively about the face, raising sundry red marks. For nearly half an hour the gay scene was kept up, Drum proving the strongest, and fetched blood: not that Billy didn't make a fine show, but "seeing the gas-lights put out" so often, soon uses up our cleverest men. While it lasted, some desperate hitting occurred on both sides, and they got so interested that three or four orders were unheeded about the final wind-up. Two better little men don't breathe, and the attention they commanded throughout (not a soul stirring till all was over) was very appreciative. We earnestly believe there is none of their own weight in this country able to whip either one in a ring, when properly trained; in this belief, all who know anything about the men will freely concur. It was all of twelve o'clock ere it was over, and such a select "tea-party" that travelled up in the first 8th avenue car was never got together before, nor probably ever will be again. The gay conductor characterized it as a rush of dead heads, and one thing is certain, to wit: all he knocked down on that trip you could put in your eye. We felt pity for the man, and intend explaining matters the first time we tumble over him, and hope everybody else will. "It will be all right in the morning," Doc, for the whole thing was a lark, and you were a blamed sight safer there than Bennett, Horton, Ferd. Wood, the Brookses, and some others are at this present writing in their different paper offices. Aint that so, now?

THE TURF.

[OFFICIAL.]

METAIRIE JOCKEY CLUB OF THE STATE OF LOUISIANA.

SUMMARY OF SPRING MEETING OF 1861.

SATURDAY, March 30, 1861.—Sweepstakes for two year olds; mile heats; $200 subscription; half forfeit; $50 declaration, $300 added by the Club; the second horse to save his stake.

W J Minor's ch c Ben West, by Vandyke, out of But-Cut.... 1 1
Brethitt & Roundtree's br f by Albion, out of Eudora..... 2 2
T J Wells' b c Uncle True, by Lexington, out of Edith.....pd. ft.
Also, gr c by Sovereign out of Grisette.....pd. ft.
Also, (A. Lecomte & Co's) ch f by Prudhomme, out of Miss Riddle.....pd. ft.
Wm J Minor's ch c Equinox, by Mahomed, out of Nelly Hardin..pd. ft.
Brethitt & Roundtree's br f by Highlander, dam by Hamlet..pd. ft.
Time, 1:53½; 1:55¼.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes for three year olds; heats of two miles; $300 subscription; $100 forfeit; $500 added by the Club; the second horse to save his stake.

H B Foley's gr c Lightning, by Lexington, out of Blue Bonnet. 1 1
T J Well's gr c Wellswood, by Yorkshire, out of Grisette.... 2 2
J S & S Hunter's ch c Sherrod, by Lecomte, out of Picayune. dist.
W H Williamson's b c by Brown Dick, out of Judah..... dist.
A K Richards' b f Ettie Ward, by Lexington, dam by Whalebone.....pd. ft.

TIME.	First Heat.	Second Heat.
First mile	1:54	1:52
Second mile	1:54¼	2:03¼
Total	3:48¼	3:55¼

MONDAY, April 1, 1861.—Doswell stake; for two year olds; heats of one mile; $500 subscription, half forfeit; $50 declaration; $500 added by the Club; the second horse to save his stake.

A K Richards' imp ch c by West Australian, out of Emilia.... 1 1
Gen R C Camp's ch f Regret, by Brown Dick, out of Temptation 3 2
A L Bingaman's b c Tom Reddy, by Scythian, out of Nancy Perkins..... 2 3
T J Wells' b c Uncle True, by Lexington, out of Edith..... 5 4
T W Doswell's b f Ninette, by Revenue, out of Nina..... 4 dis.
T B Poindexter's b f by Albion, dam by Sovereign.....pd. ft.
John Campbell's b f by Wagner, out of Mary Tayler.....pd. ft.
W J Minor's b c Conrad, by Voucher, dam by Belshazzar.... dec.
Stephen Minor's ch f Whim, by Wagner, dam by Ambassador dec.
John Minor's b c Druid, by Voucher, dam by Envoy..... dec.
Also, b c Rustling Oak, by Voucher, out of Duchess de Berri. dec.
A K Richards' ch f Susie Spears, by Fryzaul, out of sister to Pryor..... dec.
T J Wells' gr c by Sovereign, out of Grisette..... dec.
D F Kenner's b c Behemoth, by Voucher, out of Medina..... dec.
G W Graves' b c by Brown Dick, out of Little Charmer..... dec.
T B Poindexter's ch f by O'Mara, dam by Leviathan..... dec.
H O Colomb's br c by Brown Dick, dam by Gray Medoc..... dec.
Thos Puryear's b c by Charley Bell, out of Millwood..... dec.
H H Oliver's br c by Tripod, out of Odd Stocking..... dec.
Jas A Gristead's ch c by Lexington, out of Picayune..... dec.
Also, ch c by Star Davis, out of Fury..... dec.
Jas T Doswell's b c by Voltaire, out of Virginia Payne..... dec.
Wm Allen's—not named..... dec.
L A Bringier's b c by Brown Dick, dam by Belshazzar..... dead.
Time, 1:49½; 1:48¾.

TUESDAY, April 2, 1861.—Heats of three miles; Club Purse $1000.

D F Kenner's b c Panic, by imp Glencoe, out of Sallie Morgan, 3 years old..... 1 1
H B Foley's gr c Lightning, by Lexington, out of Blue Bonnet, 3 years old..... 2 2
T & T W Doswell's ch c Exchequer, by Revenue, out of Nina, 4 years old..... 4 3
Stephen Minor's (Col S M Hill's) ch c Neill Robinson, by Wagner, out of Belle Louis, 3 years old..... 3 ds.

TIME.	First Heat.	Second Heat.
First mile	1:50	1:55¼
Second mile	1:50½	1:51½
Third mile	1:52	1:48¾
Total	5:32½	5:35½

WEDNESDAY, April 3, 1861.—Heats of two miles; Club purse $800.

H B Foley's b f Bettie Ward, by Lexington, dam by Whalebone, 3 years old..... 1 1
T & T W Doswell's ch m Fanny Washington, by Revenue, out of Sarah Washington, 5 years old..... 2 2
J S Hunter's ch c Sherrod, by Lecomte, out of Picayune, 3 years old..... 3 3
A L Bingaman's (Ig Szymanski's) b f Repentance, by Lexington, out of Julia H, 4 years old..... 4 dis.

TIME.	First Heat.	Second Heat.
First mile	1:51¼	1:48¼
Second mile	1:48¾	1:49½
Total	3:39¾	3:37¾

THURSDAY, April 4, 1861.—Mile heats, best 3 in 5; Club Purse $600.

W J Minor's ch c Equinox, by Mohamed, out of Nelly Hardin, 2 years old..... 1 1 1
H B Foley's b f Bettie Ward, by Lexington, dam by Whalebone, 3 years old..... 3 3 2
A K Richards' (T J Saunders') ch f Twilight, by Lexington, dam by Eclipse, 3 years old..... 2 2 3
Time, 1:45¾; 1:47; 1:46.

FRIDAY, April 5, 1861.—Heats of one mile; Club purse $400.

J P Valrin's (T G Moore's) b f Idlewild, by Lexington, dam by imp Glencoe, 3 years old..... 1 1
Wm J Minor's ch f Regret, by Brown Dick, out of Temptation, 2 years old..... 2 2
A K Richard's b c by Stockwell, dam by Lanercost, 2 years old..... 3 3
Time, 1:45½; 1:46¼.

SAME DAY.—Single dash of two miles; Club purse $400.

A K Richards' (T G Saunders') b f Magenta, by Yorkshire, dam by imp Glencoe, 3 years old..... 1
J P Valrin's (T G Moore's) b f Laura Farris, by Lexington, dam by imp Margrave, 4 years old..... 2
Thomas & T W Doswell's ch h Exchequer, by Revenue, out of Nina, 4 years old..... 3
Stephen Minor's (Col S M Hill's) g c Neill Robinson, by Wagner, out of Belle Lewis, 3 years old..... 4
Time, 1st mile, 1:48; 2d, 1:48¾—3:36¾.

SATURDAY, April 6, 1861.—Heats of four miles. Club purse $1500.

H B Foley's g c Lightning, by Lexington, out of Blue Bonnet, 3 years old..... 1 1
Thomas & T W Doswell's ch h Planet, by Revenue, out of Nina, 5 years old..... 2 2
D F Kenner's b c Panic, by imp Glencoe, out of dam of Bondy, 3 years old..... dist.

TIME.	First Heat.	Second Heat.
First mile	2:00	2:01¼
Second mile	1:58	2:02¼
Third mile	1:58	2:01¾
Fourth mile	2:06	2:02
Total	8:02	8:13½

TUESDAY, April 9, 1861.—Heats of one mile; Purse $400.

H B Foley's (T G Moore's) ch f Molly Jackson, by Vandal, dam by imp Margrave, 3 years old..... 3 1 1
W J Minor's g f Fairy, by Vandyke, out of Lady Jane, 3 years old..... 2 3 2
A L Bingaman's b c Tom Reddy, by imp Scythian, out of Nancy Perkins, 2 years old..... 1 2ds
Time, 1:46; 1:46¾; 1:51.

[NOTE.—Tom Reddy lost his rider on the third quarter of the last heat.]

SAME DAY.—Heats of two miles; Club purse $600.

H B Foley's (T G Moore's) b f Idlewild, by Lexington, dam by imp Glencoe, 3 years old..... 1 1
A L Bingaman's b c Dick Edward, by Lexington, out of La Bachante, 4 years old..... 2 2

TIME.	First Heat.	Second Heat.
First mile	1:48	1:47½
Second mile	1:50¼	1:53½
Total	3:38½	3:41

New Orleans, April 10, 1861. S. STORY, Secretary.

THE TRIGGER.

SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY—CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.—A first-class shooting match was contested for $400 a side, at Cincinnati, on the 13th inst., between Messrs Shaw and Hope, at fifty double birds each. Mr. Shaw at the commencement of the match led off, and when twenty-five birds were trapped, Mr. Hope had the advantage by one. A respite of fifteen minutes was taken, when H. led off and held his own until the forty third round, when he lost six birds in seven shots, exactly the number that Mr. Shaw led him at the close.

The time occupied in shooting the match, was one hour and forty minutes, and finally resulted in the defeat of Mr. Hope, but he suffered only in a pecuniary point of view, as his performances during the match entitle him to the highest consideration as a first-class shot.

Out of the aggregate number of birds shot at, only nine were missed—five by Mr. Shaw, and the remainder by his opponent. This is great on trap-shooting in this country, and has only been approached, it is said, by King and Duncan, the former in his great match with the latter killing eighty-three birds out of one hundred.

The above paragraph states that only nine birds were missed, yet a larger number than this appears in the summary. Many of the birds fell dead outside the boundary, and of course were counted against the shooters. This accounts for the discrepancy between the actual number missed and the number appearing in the summary appended:—

Shaw—11 11 00 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 11 10 11 11 10 10 10
11 11 11 10 10 11 11 01 11 10 11 11 11 11 10 10 11 11 11 11
11 11 10 10 11 11 11 11 11 11.....85

Hope—11 11 00 11 01 11 11 10 11 11 10 11 10 10 11 11 11 11 11 11
11 11 10 11 11 10 00 11 11 10 11 11 11 10 11 11 11 10 10 11
11 11 00 10 10 01 11 10 11 11.....79

CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.

Embodied in the report as it came to us, was the following bold *défi*. Who will take it up?

If any Knights of the Trigger in the United States would like to cope with the above, they can be accommodated; or the following challenge to the world is open for acceptance: "Messrs. Richard W. Shaw, John S. Hope, and Garry Lockman, of Cincinnati, will shoot a match with any three gentlemen in the world, for $1,500 a side, under the following conditions: double birds, eighteen yards rise, one hundred yards bounds, one and a quarter ounces shot. If the match comes off in Cincinnati, the expenses of those who accept to be paid; if away from Cincinnati, the expenses of the challengers to be paid."

GOOD ON THE TRIGGER.—On the night of the 12th inst., Messrs. Higdon, Marsh, Riely, and Ruffin, of Cincinnati, returned from a brief hunting excursion, and although absent but two days, they bagged two hundred and sixty snipe. This is what might safely be called good shooting. The scene of their Nimrod expedition was ten miles west of Lafayette, Indiana.

TIGER CHASE BY BABOONS.—The following account of a tiger chase is extracted from the *North Lincoln Sphinx*, a regimental paper, published at Graham's town. The writer, after alluding to his sporting experiences of all kinds, and in all quarters of the globe, declares that he never witnessed so novel or intensely exciting a chase, as that about to be described:—Not long ago I spent a few days at Fort Brown, a small military post on the banks of the Great Fish river, where my friend W. was stationed. One evening, as my friend and I were returning home, after a somewhat fatiguing day's back shooting, we were startled by hearing the most extraordinary noises not far from us. It seemed as if all the demons in the infernal regions had been unchained, and were amusing themselves by trying to frighten us poor mortals by their horrid yelling. We stood in breathless expectation, not knowing what could possibly be the cause of this diabolical row, with all sorts of strange conjectures flashing across our minds. Nearer and nearer the yelling and screaming approached, and presently the cause became visible to our astonished eyes. Some three or four hundred yards to our right, upon the brow of a hill, a spotted leopard (commonly called in this country a tiger, though much smaller than the lord of the Indian jungles) came in view, bounding along, with all the speed and energy of despair, while close behind him followed an enormous pack of baboons, from whose throats proceeded the demoniacal sounds that had, a few seconds before, so startled us. Our excitement in the chase, as you may suppose, was intense. On went the tiger, making for the river, the baboons following like avenging demons, and evidently gaining ground upon their nearly exhausted foe, though their exulting yells seemed each moment to increase his terror and his speed. They reached the stream, the tiger still a few yards in advance, and, with a tremendous bound, he cast himself into its muddy waters and made for the opposite bank. The next moment his pursuers, in admirable confusion, were struggling after him, and as the tiger (now fearfully exhausted) clambered on the land again, the largest and strongest of the baboons were close to his heels, though many of the pack (the old, the very young, and the weakly,) were struggling in the water. In a few moments all had passed from our sight, behind the brow of the opposite bank; but their increased yelling, now stationary, behind the hill, told us that the tiger had met his doom, and that their strong arms and claws were now tearing him limb from limb. As the evening was far advanced, and we were still some miles from home, we did not cross the river to be in at the death; but, next morning, a few bones and scattering fragments of flesh and skin showed what had been the tiger's fate. On our way home we were told by some Dutch gentlemen that such hunts were not uncommon when a tiger is rash enough to attack the young baboons, which often happens. All these creatures for miles around assemble and pursue their enemy with relentless fury to his death. Sometimes the chase lasts for days, but it invariably closes with the destruction of the tiger—a striking instance that the idea of retributive justice is not confined to man alone.

A STEER IN A BILLIARD ROOM.—An incident of an amusing character is reported to have taken place at Newburyport, Mass., recently, in the neighborhood of the market of that place. Without vouching for its truth, we here append the particulars. The greenest Jonathan imaginable, decked out in a slouched hat, a long blue frock, and a pair of cowhide shoes, as large as canoes, with a huge whip under his arm, stalked into a billiard saloon, where half a dozen persons were improving the time in trundling round the ivories. After recovering from his first surprise at the, to him, singular aspect of the room, and inquired if "any of 'em had seen a stray steer," affirming that "the blasted critter got away as he came through town with his drove t'other day, and he hadn't seen nothin' on him since." The bloods denied all knowledge of the animal in question, and with much sly winking at each other, proceeded to condole with him in his loss in the most heartfelt manner. He watched the game with much interest, as he had evidently never seen nor heard anything of the kind before, and created much amusement by his demonstrations of applause when a good shot was made—"Jerusalem!" being a favorite interjection. At last he made bold to request the privilege of trying his skill, when he set the crowd in a roar by his awkward movements. However, he gradually got his hands in, and played as well as could be expected for a greenhorn. All hands now began to praise him, which so elated him that he actually thought himself a second Phelan, and he offered to bet a dollar with his opponent, which, of course, he lost. The loss and the laugh so irritated him that he offered to play another game and bet two dollars, which he pulled out of a large roll—for it seems his cattle had sold well and he was quite flush. This bet he also lost as the fool might have known he would, when, mad as a March hare, he pulled out a fifty spot, the largest bill he had, and offered to bet that on another game. The crowd mustered round and raised money enough to cover it, and at it they went again, when, by some strange turn of luck, the greeny won. He now offered to put up the hundred he had won against another hundred. Of course he could not blunder into another game, so they could now win back what they had lost, and fleece the fellow of his own roll besides. They sent out for a famous player, who happened to have money enough to bet with, and another game was played, which Jonathan won. Another hundred was also raised and bet and won; and it was not until he had blundered through half a dozen games, and by some unaccountable run of luck, won them all, draining their pockets of about four hundred dollars, that they began to smell a very large "mice." When everybody got tired of playing, gawky pulled his frock on over his head, took his whip under his arm and walked quietly out, turning round at the door and remarking, "Gentlemen, if you should happen to see anything of that steer, I wish you'd let me know." At last accounts they had not seen the steer, but they came to the conclusion they saw the elephant.

AN INTERNATIONAL FIGHT.—A native of the Emerald Isle, who had taken up his abode in this country, and had found a wife here, was blessed, in due course of time, with a family. His eldest son, Patrick, having been born on Liberty's soil, deemed himself a Native American, and as such joined the procession of the Natives. His father saw him in the ranks and became enraged. When Pat came home to get his dinner, his father seized him by the collar, and raising his cowhide over his head, exclaimed:—

"I'll tache you to oppose your parents and to be perambulating the streets with 'Natives!'" and down came the cowhide with savage severity.

Pat, somewhat disconcerted, ran from the house, and narrated the tale of his woes, adding in conclusion:—

"I don't mind the licking, but the idea of being whipped by a rascally foreigner is more than I can stand!"

A RARE 'UN TO FIGHT.—"Whose pigs are those, my lad?" "Why, they belong to that there big sow." "No; I mean, who is their master?" "Why," again answered the lad, "that little 'un—he's a rare 'un to fight!"

THE GAME OF CHESS.

COME AT LAST!—OUR PROBLEM TOURNAMENT.—We have at length received the Circular of the "CLIPPER CHESS PROBLEM TOURNAMENT," edited by MIRON J. HAZELTINE, Esq., published by Robert M. De Witt, 13 Frankfort street. A highly gratifying change has been made in the proposed personal appearance of the work—instead of being dressed out in "flexible muslin," as at first proposed, it will now appear in regular book binding, of handsome green and gold, at once rendering the book suitable for a position in the library. Of course with the value this enhances the cost of the work, increasing its price from 50 to 75 cents. Our correspondents may now send in their orders, accompanied by said 75 cents, and receive the book (post paid) by return mail. We need not here take up further space by a description of the book, as a circular, containing a full description and summary of the contents will be at once forwarded to all applicants. An elegant 18 mo. pp. 216. 75 cents

TESTIMONIAL PRESENTATION
TO MESSRS. KAPPNER AND KLATZL.

THE MORPHY CHESS ROOMS, pursuant to the call in the CLIPPER presented a large gathering of the proprietors' friends to congratulate them upon the complete success of the efforts to secure them a Testimonial expressive of the appreciation their patrons all entertain of the courtesy and liberality always extended them. The treasurer's and committee's reports were adopted, and a unanimous vote of thanks accorded them for the zeal and fidelity with which their duties had been discharged. The results now attained are: a neat and serviceable book-case, with 40 volumes of chess books, the whole of the value of about $60.

In making the presentation, the Chess Editor of the CLIPPER drew the following parallel between the goddess Fortuna, at whose shrine so many blindly worship, and Caissa, to whose lawful and intelligent rites we so gladly addict ourselves:—

"We worship no blindfold goddess, nor does she crave such homage at the hands of her devotees—she may, indeed, tolerate but does not approve the offering. No! Our genius is bright-eyed as well as fair; discerning as well as rewarding. Fortuna shuts her eyes and recklessly scatters her gifts; Caissa weighs, judges, and rewards. Fortuna patronizes, Caissa bestows; Fortuna tempts, Caissa invites; Fortuna promises, Caissa proposes; Fortuna leaves her dupes in dispair, and spurns the depressed, Caissa never dupes, but soothes and re-invigorates the fallen; the undeserving, or even criminal, may share Fortuna's favors, true merit can alone reap Caissa's crowns: the former deals in mere show, tinsel, and glitter, the latter in the pure gold of sterling genius; the former is a Syren, the latter, a Muse; the one raves incoherently like the Delphic oracle of old, the other utters words of wisdom and that continuously, like to the number of "the Seven;" the one deals not in man's genuine life, the other is a sound counsellor and safe companion amid all the joys and triumphs of his successes, or the gloomy hours of his depressions; Fortuna may be a boon companion, Caissa, a bosom friend."

On another point the Editor proceeded to remark:—

"We have all met, not merely here, but in greater matters, men of magnificent ideas; indeed, so magnificent are some of their notions on many occasions that they soar quite above the possibilities of this mundane sphere—quite beyond the reach of human achievement. The talk of such commonly ends in smoke, or castles in the air—or, if possible, in something still more unsubstantial. But we, measuring our means, aimed at a practical success; we determined to produce at least something valuable by our efforts. And we bring our offering to-night. We at least produce here *something* of value, and boast it our success. It may be looked upon as a humble one, but splendor is not a pre-requisite to honest satisfaction. And even that our 'Testimonial' is unfinished is no objection, but our boast, rather. It is a germ, out of which we hope to see a goodly tree arise, the fruit of which may be gladly plucked and largely profited in by us all. Gratitude, or at least its expression, seems by many now-a-days to be thought a very great weakness, if not a positive crime; to such we leave the rumination of their cynicism. We acknowledge ourselves under obligation to you, gentlemen, and boast it a virtue thus to give tangible expression to our sentiments."

After numerous remarks, more suitable to make under such circumstances than profitable to report, the speaker concluded:—

"In this list, soiled in the service, but prizable no doubt, you will find the names of those by whose co operation this germ of the Chess Library of the Morphy Chess Rooms has been planted. And in presenting you the key to our offering my grateful task is ended. Please forward to your partner, whose necessary absence we all regret, these our sentiments. And permit me to add, in conclusion, that even now we feel ourselves under far greater and more perpetual obligation for the shape into which you decided our fund should be put, than you can possibly be to us for the Testimonial itself."

Mr. Klatzl, in accepting the Testimonial, assured the subscribers of his own and partner's most hearty thanks for so large and unexpected a gift. He remarked that when this subject was first broached he thought that, surely, a few volumes of books, at most, would be all that could grow out of the movement; but when he saw so suitable a case, and already so well started towards being filled; and then had heard it presented with so many expressions of good will and so much kindly feeling, he was completely "taken aback" and could say nothing more.

While accepting the Testimonial personally, it should be added to the general interest of the "Rooms," and ever be open for the use and instruction of those who should hereafter honor them with their friendship and patronage. It was with this very intent they made the selection they had when waited upon by the committee. Mr. Klatzl reciprocated the good wishes and kind expressions of the committee; and hoped, as they had ever striven their utmost to do, they might still succeed in securing the esteem, friendship, and patronage of all present.

The most cordial applause followed his remarks, and thus was inaugurated the *first public Chess Library* (we believe) ever established in a public and free room; and that in a Room eminently worthy marking such an era in our peerless game.

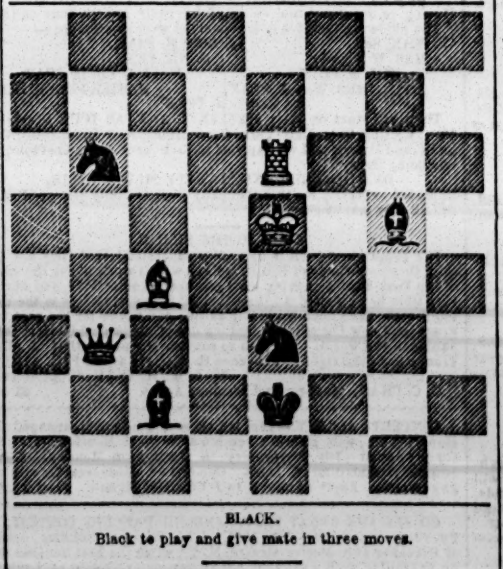
FOURTH FREE TOURNAMENT.—We have been so much occupied with other matters as to have neglected to mention the last grand gathering in the lists of conflict of Caissa's followers, at the Morphy Chess Rooms. Thirty two eager contestants are again enrolled, and the first round of encounters is in course of progress. As heretofore, we shall commence our special record of the course of contests and victories with the drawing of the first victors for the second series of jousts.

PROBLEM No. 273.—MIRON'S TOURNEY No. 11.

"Coup Pour Coup."

BY THOS. CLAY.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and give mate in three moves.

GAME NO. 273.

Between our contributors D. Eugene Delmar and P. Richardson.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, D. E. Delmar.	Defence, P. Richardson.	Attack, D. E. Delmar.	Defence, P. Richardson.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	23..Kt x B P +	K Kt x Kt
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	24..Q x Q B (d)	Q x Q B
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	25..Q-K R 5	K Kt-R 3
4..P-Q Kt 4	B x Kt P	26..K B-Q 3	R-K B sq
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q B 4	27..P-K R 3 (e)	Q-K B 3
6..P-Q 4	K P x P	28..Q R-K 2	Kt x Q P
7..Castles	P-Q 3	29..R-K 8 (f)	Q x B P +
8..B P x P	K B-Kt 3	30..K-R sq (g)	Q-K B 3
9..Q Kt-B 3	Q B-Kt 5	31..Q R x R +	Q x Q R
10..K B-Kt 5	Q P-Q 2	32..Q-K Kt 6	Q-K Kt sq (h)
11..P-K 5	K Kt-K 2	33..P-K Kt 4	Kt-K B 6
12..K P x P	B P x P	34..P-K Kt 5	Q Kt-K 4
13..Q B-R 3	K B-B 2	35..Q-K R 5	Q Kt x B
14..Q Kt-K 4	P-Q 4	36..Kt P x Kt	P-K Kt 4 (i)
15..Kt-Q 6 +	K B x Kt	37..Q-K B 3	Q-K Kt 3
16..Q B x B	Castles	38..Q-K B 8 +	K-his R 2
17..K R-K sq	K R-K sq	39..Q-K 7 +	K x R 2d P
18..Kt-K Kt 5	K Kt-B 4 (a)	40..Q x Q Kt P	Q-K 5 +
19..Q-K R 5	K Kt-R 3 (b)	41..K-Kt sq	Q-K 8 +
20..K B-Q 3	K R x R +	42..K-his R 2	Q-K B 7 +
21..R x K B	B-K Kt 5 (c)	43..K-R sq	Kt-K B 5
22..B x R P +	K-his B sq	44..Q-her B 6 +	K-R 4, and

Mr. Delmar resigns.

Notes—By P. Richardson.

(a) Apparently the best move.

(b) Taking the B would have involved him in a mate in three moves.

(c) The only move which gives any promise of success. But this wins a piece.

(d) Q takes Kt would, perhaps, have been better.

(e) Slow; R to K 8th was the move.

(f) He must lose either the B P, or the exchange.

(g) K to R 2d would have lost immediately, *e. g.*:—

31..K to R 2	Kt to B 6 +	33..P x Q	R x R, and
32..Q x Kt *best*	Q x Q		the Defence wins.

(h) the only other move to prevent the threatened mate were K Kt, or Q Kt, to B 4th; but the Defence would reply P to K Kt 4th, winning a piece, and, probably, the game.

(i) Kt to K B 5th looks good, but the following continuation proves that it would not be so:—

37..	Kt to K B 5	39..Q to K 5 +, and the game	
38..P x P + +	K x P		would be drawn.

Skirmish between our contributor W. S. Wheelwright, Esq., giving Q Kt, and C. Oscanyan, Effendi.

MUZIO GAMBIT.

Wheelwright.	Oscanyan.	Wheelwright.	Oscanyan.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..Q R to K sq +	Q B to K 3
2..P-K B 4	K P x P	12..K B-K 4	Q-her B 4 +
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	13..K-his R sq	Q x Q B P
4..K B-B 4	P-K Kt 5	14..Q B-K 5	P-K B 3
5..Castles	Kt P x Kt	15..B x B P	K Kt x B
6..Q x B 3d P	Q-K B 3	16..Q x K Kt	Q Kt-Q 2
7..P-K 5	Q x K P	17..Q x Q B +	K-Q sq
8..P-Q 3	P-Q 4	18..K R-B 7	K-Q B 2
9..Q B x P	Q-K B 4	19..Q x Q Kt +	K-Q Kt 3
10..K B x P	P-Q B 3	20..Q x Kt P +, and wins.	

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price $2, post paid to all parts of the U. S.

☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARY E. M., Winooski Falls, Vt.—J. A. J. corrects his moves, and requests us to apologize for the error which was occasioned by an inadvertence on his part. His 4th move should have been 24 20.

H. L., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Your analysis of the "Cut-Up Game" appears this week, of which fact we apprize A. H. M., as you may perceive. By the way, why don't you "put in an appearance" oftener?

A. H. M., Wellsville, N. Y.—H. L. forwards an analysis of the game sent by you and lately published in the CLIPPER. He states that his only object is to prove that White may draw the game, and wishes you to state whether he has succeeded in the attempt. We shall be happy to hear from you often.

H. SPAYTH, Buffalo, N. Y.—Nothing on hand.

W. S. KNIGHT, New York.—"All right," Knight; you go it "like a kite."

O. T. S., Williamsburgh, N. Y.—Knight goes 27 24, and like Oliver Twist, "calls for more."

ACCEPTANCE, Franklin.—O. K.

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 20TH POSITION.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..7 to 10	15 to 19	3..10 to 15, and wins.	
2..21 17	9 14		

A REVIEW OF THE "CUT UP GAME."—Pittsburgh, April 8, 1861.—DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir*: That "Cut-Up Game" which was played between Martins and McKerrow, was lost at White's 22d move by Martins playing from 24 to 19, instead of 17 to 13, which would undoubtedly have made a draw, as the following analysis will clearly prove. At White's 22d move the men stand thus:—Black men on 8, 9, 12, and 23; White on 17, 20, 21, and 24. White plays thus to make a draw:—

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
22..17 to 13	9 to 14	26.. 6 to 2	32 to 27
23..24 19	8 11	27.. 2 6	27 24
24..13 9	23 27	28..20 16, or 19 15 draws.	
25.. 9 6	27 32	Yours truly,	H. L.

GAME No. 2.—VOL. IX.

From the American Draught Player.

THE CROSS.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	23 to 18	8..13 to 22	26 to 17
2.. 8 11	27 23	9..10 14	18 9
3.. 4 8	24 20	10.. 6 22	30 25
4..12 16	28 24	11.. 7 10	25 18
5.. 8 12	32 28 (*)	12..10 15	18 14
6.. 9 13	22 17 (1 2 3	13..15 18	31 27
7..15 22	25 18	14..18 22.	Black wins.

(1)

6..		21	17	15..19	26	24	19
7.. 6	9	25	21	16..15	24	28	19
8.. 9	14	18	9	17..11	15	19	16
9.. 5	14	30	25	18.. 7	11	16	7
10..16	19	23	16	19.. 2	11	22	18
11..12	19	31	27	20..13	22	18	9
12.. 3	8	27	23	21..10	14	25	18
13.. 8	12	23	16	22..15	22	5	9
14..12	19	26	23	23..26	30.	Black wins.	

(2)

6..		18	14	14.. 3	7	26	23
7..10	17	21	14	15.. 7	10	29	25
8..13	17	22	13	16.. 5	9	25	21
9.. 6	9	13	6	17.. 9	13	24	19
10.. 2	27	25	22	18.. 1	5	28	24
11..27	32	31	27	19.. 5	9	22	18
12..32	23	26	10	20..13	17.	Black wins.	
13.. 7	14	30	26				

(3)

6..		24	19	11..16	19	26	23
7..15	24	28	19	12..19	26	30	23
8.. 5	9	19	15	13..12	16	20	11
9..10	19	18	14	14.. 7	16	8	4
10.. 9	27	31	8	15..16	20.	Black wins.	

(*) 32 28 loses; 22 17 draws. See A. D. Player.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
1..11	15	22	17
2..15	19	24	15
3..10	19	23	16
4..12	19		

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND J. A. J.

Black.—Mary.		White.—J. A. J.*	
4.. 4	8	24	20

*See remarks to Mary E. M., this week.

BETWEEN O. T. S. AND WM. S. KNIGHT.

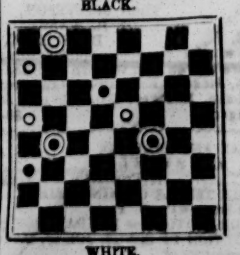
Black.—O. T. S.		White.—W. S. K.	
6..10	15	21	17

POSITION No. 2.—VOL. IX. THE 21ST POSITION OF STURGES.

BY GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY.—END GAME.

Dedicated to Beginners.

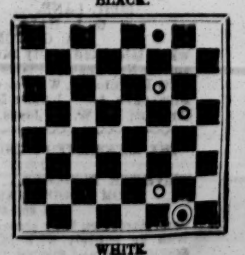
BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

FIGHT WITH A WHALE.—A letter from Job Sherman, third mate of the ship Mary Ann, of Fairhaven, Conn., gives the particulars of his wonderful escape from death while pursuing a whale. The whale struck the boat and threw him right across the monster's head, so that both legs were in his mouth, and then went down with him. Fortunately the whale soon came up, so that the man could breathe. In the meantime he had extricated one of his legs; but the whale immediately went down again, carrying Mr. Sherman down a second time. Mr. S. then thought of his sheath knife, which he used upon the whale's under jaw, causing it to let go its hold, when Mr. S. rose to the surface of the water, about a ship's length from the boat, and he was rescued, nearly exhausted, by seizing him by the hair of the head as he was sinking. On examination, he found himself with a hole in one leg large enough to receive an egg.

STEAMBOAT RACE.—The Peytona and Louisville left New Orleans on Saturday, the 6th inst., on a race. We understand it was an "even thing" until the Louisville lost one of her wheels by a collision with the J. A. Cotton. The Peytona arrived at Memphis in two days and twenty hours. Both are "crack" boats.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Elements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

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Baltimore, Md., J. W. Harper & Co., successors to Geo. F. Walker, No. 12 North street, basement. 41
Albany, N. Y.....J. B. Smith, Morning Times office. 20 9m*
Troy, N. Y.....A. B. Hay, Troy Daily Whig Office. 33-6m*
Boston.....Peter Kelly, No. 2, Williams' Court. 44 3m*

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OPEN EVERY NIGHT during the Season. The Original and World-Renowned BRYANTS' MINSTRELS. Originators of the present popular style of Minstrelsy, composed of the following unequalled artists:—

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And JAPANESE TOMMY; Or, "WHAT IS IT?"
In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Comicalities, &c. The first to introduce the following popular acts:—

Essence of Old Virginny,	Scenes at Gurney's,
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Also, Dan Emmett's original Plantation Songs, Dixie's Land, White Wash Army, Billy Patterson, Johnny Roach, Johnny Gonier, Whose Heel Dat Burning, Chaw Roast Beef, Road to Georgia, Louisiana Low Mounds, High Low Jack, Heenan and Sayers, and many others.
Doors open at 7. Curtain rises at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 24

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E. W. PRESCOTT,	MAST. GETTINGS,	
R. M. CARROLL,	J. C. TROWBRIDGE,	
CARL TROUTMAN,	JOHNNY PELL,	
AUGUST SCHNEIDER,	BILLY MORRIS,	
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The public are assured that nothing will be left undone to merit a continuance of past favors.
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These talented and world renowned performers have formed a co-partnership, and respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they will appear in all the principal cities of the United States and the Canadas, during the ensuing season. The organization consists of the following brilliant
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J. OBERIST,	P. O. JONES,
H. LUCKER,	W. LUCKER,
J. LUCKER,	A. JOHNSON,
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2 tf LOUIS A. ZWISLER, Business Manager.

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N. B.—The management tender their sincere acknowledgments for the very kind and liberal patronage bestowed upon them on the occasion of their previous trip through the Western country, and beg leave to announce that they will start on their Second Annual Tour on Wednesday, March 6, 1861, with an entirely new entertainment, and the most talented company of artists ever brought together under one organization.
☞ LOOK AT THE COMPANY ☜
Whose names are too well known to need further comment.

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G. W. H. GRIFFIN,	BEN COTTON,
JOHNNY DULEY,	ROLLIN HOWARD,
G. W. CHARLES,	J. C. REEVES,
E. J. MELVILLE,	R RUIGK,
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For particulars see Programmes and Posters.
1 J. C. FABB, Agent.

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WILSON, MORRIS & BROCKWAY.....Proprietors.
A CARD.—The management would respectfully inform their friends and the public generally that they will positively sail for California in September of this year, and desire that any and all claims against said management be forwarded to Cleveland, Ohio, before the first of June.
FIFTEEN STAR PERFORMERS.
CHARLEY BACKUS,

GEO. W. SHEPARD,	ALBERT JONES,
C. BOSWALD,	L. WHITE,
M. T. SKIFF,	F. M'WHORTER,
CHARLEY BOVEE,	J. KENNEDA,
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FOURTEEN STAR PERFORMERS,
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NO CARDS EXPLANATORY,
NO RESORT TO BASE CALUMNY,
NO FOUL MOUTHED SLANDERS,
As practiced by an itinerant band of mountebanks, who were obliged by law to drop the name of Campbell's.
"*VENI, VIDI, VICI.*"
Particulars of the evenings amusements always observed in the distributing programmes of the day.
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Comprising the greatest diversity of talent of any Company ever organized, consisting of the following BRILLIANT ARRAY OF STARS:—

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SYLVESTER BLEECKER.....Proprietor and Manager
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561 and 563 BROADWAY, N. Y.,
Have started on their second GRAND TOUR on MONDAY, NOV. 19th, with an entirely NEW SELECTION OF SONGS, JOKES, DANCES, COMIC ACTS and PIECES, illustrative of
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THEATRICAL.—Actors and actresses of recognized ability, and an attractive danseuse (capable of enacting small parts), wishing an engagement to travel through the towns of the West, will address the undersigned without delay, stating capabilities and the lowest salary, enclosing a stamp for reply. Engagement to commence on or about 27th April. SILAS T. HILL, Manager,
51-4t* Memphis Post Office, Memphis Tenn.

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W. T EMERSON,	J. H. KELLOGG,
M LEWIS,	S MANNING,
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The greatest Clown and Comic Singer of the age.
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The Queen of Song.
MONS. VELARDE and MLLE CLARA,
The accomplished Dancers and Pantommists,
Late of the Ravel Troupe.
CHARLEY WHITE,
In his Budget of Comicalities, which defy competition.
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HARRY LESLIE,	D. CARROLL,

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MISS MILLIE FLORA,	MISS KATE HARRISON,
MISS ANNIE HARRISON,	MISS NELLIE DAVIS,
MISS HATTIE ENGEL,	MISS LIZZIE BLAKE,

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2-tf J. F. JAMES, Little Rock Theatre, Ark.

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THE GREAT SENSATION ACTRESS,
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THE FRENCH SPY,
JENNIE DIVER,
FEMALE BUCCANEER,
THREE FAST WOMEN,
COURT OF GARIBALDI,
DICK THE NEWSBOY,
SMIKE,
WIZARD SKIFF,
FEMALE GAMBLER, &c., &c.
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NOTICE TO THE MINSTREL PROFESSION.—I have on hand a few bound volumes of BRYANTS' PROGRAMME AND SONG BOOK for 1859 and 1860; also one hundred volumes for 1860 and 1861. These volumes contain all the words of the songs sung by Bryants' Minstrels, with the entire programme complete, for one year. They are substantially bound. Will send to any part of the United States the two volumes complete, on the receipt of $5, postage prepaid, or single volumes $3. Address D. C WINANS,
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PEAK FAMILY,
VOCALISTS, HARPISTS, AND
SWISS BELL RINGERS
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GRAND CONSOLIDATION OF THE SEPARATE COMPANIES,
Having re-organized and enlarged for their Annual Tour of 1861.
The following talent is now connected with this Troupe:—

W. PEAK, SR.,	LISEITE M. PEAK,
MRS W. PEAK,	ANNIE PEAK,
WM. H. PEAK,	MASTER EDDIE PEAK,
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They will start on their SIXTEENTH ANNUAL TOUR December 15th, visiting Ohio, New York, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine; and will appear in their new Swiss Costume, introducing their
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The Proprietors wish it distinctly understood that they are the Only Original Troupe of Bell Ringers now travelling under the name of the Peak Family, having been established since 1839, and during that time have visited all the principal towns and cities in the United States; have been travelling as two companies for the past two years, and now Consolidate, making one of the largest Concert Companies in the world. We wish to caution the public that no other Troupe have the right to announce themselves as the Peak Family.
W. & W. H. PEAK, Proprietors.
C. C. CHASE, Manager and Business Agent. 43 eow

CONCERT AGENCY.—The ladies and gentlemen engaged by Hough & Co., will please assemble at 89 West Houston street, Saturday, April 27th, preparatory to starting on Monday. ☞ A company wanted for St. Louis. One or two danseuses for city engagements. Apply as above, to J. CONNER, Agent. 2 1t*

GO SEE THE GREAT BANJO AND JIG DANCING CONTEST, on Tuesday evening, May 7th, 1861, at the Bleecker Building, corner of Bleecker and Morton streets, N. Y., when the best banjoist will be presented with a splendid banjo, now on exhibition at Lauter's music store, 193 Grand street. Persons wishing to compete for the prizes will please send their names to J. BOGAN, 171 East 12th st., N. Y. Full particulars in next week's CLIPPER. Banjo and Jig Dancing taught; apply as above. BOGAN'S renowned Banjos always on hand. 2 1t*

LLOYD'S MINSTRELS,
LLOYD'S MINSTRELS,
LLOYD'S MINSTRELS,
NIBLO'S SALOON.
NIBLO'S SALOON.
Monday, April 22, and every night during the week,
EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK,
THE GREAT UNION OF ARTISTS,
IN A
NEW AND PATRIOTIC PROGRAMME.
NEW AND PATRIOTIC PROGRAMME.
"HAIL TO THE BANNER OF THE FREE."
"Bully for All," "Viva l' America," "The Noisy Family."
"The Rival Tragedians,"
FORREST AND BOOTH.
FORREST AND BOOTH.
"The Three Hunters," "Down in Old Ky. Ky."
LLOYD'S MINSTELS. LLOYD'S MINSTELS.
Doors open at 7; commence at 8. Tickets 25 cents. 1-tf

☞ We have letters for Mr. Norm Hubbard, Frank Wyant, Sam Cowell, C. Lavalle, J. N. Beyer, Alfred Cately, Matt Thompson, and W. B Cavanaugh.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, April 22.

We are in the midst of a war excitement, and the week closed heavily in the amusement world. Every place of amusement felt the depressing effects of the fearful news daily received from the seat of hostilities; in some of the theatres the falling off in the attendance being very large. The war, the mustering of soldiers, and the leave takings of relatives and friends, swallowed up every thing else, and the people had enough to engage their time and attention without going to the theatres. Some of our managers are beginning to take in sail, while others give evidence of an early closing movement. Up to last week business had been most excellent throughout the season, nearly every place showing a surplus over expenditures, notwithstanding that the war fever had affected to a greater or less extent nearly every other city. It was a subject of remark how well New York was doing in the way of amusements, and but for the actual commencement of hostilities by South Carolina we should have had no occasion to note any change; but with the first shot directed at Fort Sumter, we became a changed people, and nothing else was thought of but retaliation on the rebels for the insult offered to the Star Spangled Banner, and its gallant little band of defenders in the doomed fort. If the war excitement continues, of which there is every probability, the theatrical season may be considered at an end, although one or two establishments may endeavor to stem the tide, and carry on operations for a month or two longer; but we don't think there is much money in it, to be sure, there are those among us who will attend our theatres, halls of minstrelsy, and concert saloons, come what may; strangers, too, always spend a night or two among those places; but will those be sufficient to make the speculation a paying one. We fear not. The cheap places at most may make expenses, and keep their forces together, but the more expensive establishments will have to "secesh" for an indefinite period. We attended several of our theatres through the week, but the sight was not cheering. Empty benches were to be seen in big array, and treasurers looked anything but affable. At any hour, you could procure a "bill of the play," which has been unusual during the season; those little "Programmes" always giving out before half the people had got in. "Members of the profession" felt the pressure, and did not perform with their usual spirit; some of them felt more like acting fight than anything else. Why it's mighty hard to even write about the player folks, in the midst of the din and bustle, the pride and circumstance of war that now environ us. With flags flying, drums beating—hearts beating, too, to the music of the Union—cannon firing, crowds shouting, and enthusiasm aroused to the highest pitch, is it any wonder that work is out of the question? Everybody feels like shutting up shop, and going to the scene of conflict. Let us endeavor, however, to give a summary of what has transpired during the past week, and what we are promised for the present.

The complimentary testimonial to Mad. Anna Bishop came off at the Academy of Music, on the 19th; but we do not believe that the lady felt much complimented by the attendance. The house was not half full, the "gentlemen who kindly interested themselves in her behalf," having been either called away to the wars, or forgetting the entertainment in their wild enthusiasm. The performances were not very satisfactory, as a general thing; a very long delay occurred before the opera of the Bohemian Girl was commenced, waiting, we presume, for Ainsley Cook, who is now engaged with Bryants' Minstrels, and who appeared as Devilshoof in the opera. The scene from Trancredi, by Mad. Bishop, which preceded the opera, was very fair; this was followed, though not according to the programme, by Mad. B. and chorus singing the "Flag of Our Union." If there had been a more united understanding between the orchestra and chorus, the song would have awakened a much greater enthusiasm. The opera did not commence until long after 9 o'clock, and it was not well performed even then. Mad. Bishop was good, and so was Ainsley Cook, although we thought he slung the child about rather too loosely. Miranda was not equal to himself; we have heard him sing much better at Niblo's. Jas. Dunn, as Florestine, was very clever, indeed; and Mr. Guilmette, as the Count, sang well, but looked exceedingly out of gear in that scarlet coat; in which he looked more like a fox hunter than one whose heart was "bowed down by weight of woe." Although many years are supposed to have elapsed between the first and second acts, and although we might naturally suppose that the Count's credit with his tailor was healthy enough to warrant a change of good store clothes, yet the identical scarlet coat we beheld in the first act, also met our wondering gaze in the second, and destroyed the supposed illusion concerning the lapse of time. After the Bohemian Girl, came Blondin on the tight rope, "being his last appearance prior to his departure for Europe." While performing the stilt feat, one stilt missed the rope, and down came Blondin to the floor, catching, but not retaining hold of the rope in his descent, and thereby breaking his fall. The height of the rope was only about eight feet, so that there was no danger of his being counted out. But suppose it had been Niagara? What then? He picked himself up, and went through some really astonishing performances, throwing somersaults, leaping over lighted candles, and alighting on the rope on his feet. He fell again, but caught hold of the rope with his hands. Blondin is an astonisher, and will surprise the Britishers. Mme. Blondin did not appear. It was near 1 o'clock A. M., Saturday, when the performance closed. We must make all allowance for imperfections now-a-days, for committees have enough to attend to in watching the newspaper bulletins. We fear the Bishop testimonial did not more than cover expenses, unless the "gentlemen interested" paid for tickets, whether used or not. We hope they did.

Bryants' Minstrels resumed operations on the 15th, the house being crowded. Dan Bryant did not appear. Eph Horn took one end, and Tim Norton the other. Owing to the din of battle, the business through the week fell off considerably. Dan Bryant, it is said, will reappear this evening.

Wallack's theatre felt the pressure pretty severely last week, and the last new comedy was withdrawn; "Henriette" having evacuated on the 20th, after a somewhat brief run, attributable as much, perhaps, to the outdoor excitement, as to any lack of real merit in the piece. The present week will be devoted to a series of fine old comedies, with *all* the members of the excellent company attached to the theatre in the cast. The manager "scents the battle afar off," and, with war's stern alarms ringing in his ears, announces the close of the regular season on the 30th, and the close of his management of that establishment. It is earlier than usual to end the season, but the manager wisely concludes it the wiser policy to close the season, before the season closes him, for prospects are anything but encouraging. The new theatre will not, probably, be opened until the fall season sets in.

Mr. Edwin Booth had a rather discouraging week of it, the business being anything but good. We witnessed his Shylock and Othello, and were better pleased with the former than with the latter, although both were excellently well rendered. Mr. Booth will be at the head of his profession before a great while if he continues to improve as he has done of late. He sees his faults, and seems determined to correct them. Had not the war excitement broken out when it did, we have no doubt that Mr. B's present engagement would have been very successful, notwithstanding the big opposition at Niblo's. This, and to morrow evening, he will appear as Richelieu.

A patriotic programme is offered by Lloyd's Minstrels this week, introducing several new features appropriate to the times. An evening cannot be spent more pleasantly than with "Lloyds," which troupe embraces some of the best talent to be found in the profession. Go this week, and hear them sing "Hail to the Banner of the Free," and "Vive l'America."

Mr. G. L Fox, one of the managers of the New Bowery Theatre, announces the present as the last week he will be able to perform, as he is off for the wars in a few days with the Eighth Regiment. Let the boys on the east side show their patriotism by giving manager Fox a good send off, in the shape of full houses, and a healthy exchequer. Captain Kyd is on to night, with a national drama, and a pantomime.

R. Abecco, who left Unsworth's Minstrels "on account of indisposition," is singing at one of our concert saloons.

Laura Keene's kept up pretty well last week, the houses being almost as good as those of the week preceding. The "soger man," with Southern proclivities, who used to take such delight in hissing Columbia in the person of Mrs Allen, has shed his soldier coat, subsided in his corduroys, and "gone from our gaze." Alas! poor "sojer." Laura has curtailed some of the disunion sentiments of the "Seven Sisters," in obedience to the demands of the times, and tacks on a little more of the present Northern sentiment. Should the war fever continue to deplete the theatres, Laura will follow the example of Wallack, and close the house at short notice.

"Mr. and Mrs. Sweeney" are said to have been engaged in England at great expense, for a concert saloon in this city. What Sweeneys are they? and what makes them come so expensive? Don't "444" look gay about these times. There's lots of flagging outside, but no flagging in the performances inside. Both in and out, the sight is refreshing, and "right beauteous to behold." The American Concert Hall eclipses all other institutions of the kind in this city, in fun, money making, and pretty waiter girls. An evening with the girls, etc., seems to take with the "boys," notwithstanding the preparations making here, there, and everywhere, for the "big fight."

"Metamora" was hurried up at Niblo's, and on the 17th was performed for the first time this season, drawing a fine house. It needed this piece to bring up the business, and its production was well-timed. It will be repeated this week, the Circus trying to keep up the interest on the off nights. P. S.—Mr. Forrest seems to have been relieved of "the gout," and plays Injun like a real old time Wampanoag. Gout can't kill Forrest any more than the "dip." can use up John Morrissey. They're both strong on the muscle, and just as hard to subdue all over as Rarey's "Cruiser."

Miss Fanny Herring is in the city at present, waiting the course of events.

Billy O'Neil, the popular young Irish comedian, has thrown up his theatrical engagements, volunteered in defence of the American flag, and will leave with the 69th regiment this week. A safe return to you, Billy.

Eaton Stone, the great bare-back rider, who has been in Kansas for the past year, training buffaloes, arrived here on the 19th, and on Friday night created much excitement by driving ten buffaloes, tandem, through Broadway, on their route to Harlem, where they are now located. The throngs of people along the street did not seem to comprehend what they were looking at, it being a novelty in this vicinity to see buffaloes driven along like horses. Mr. Stone has also with him two beautiful antelopes, captured near Allison's Ranche, about 350 miles south west from Leavenworth. These fleet-footed creatures are a show in themselves. It is not yet settled when the performing buffaloes and antelopes will be open for exhibition, but in a short time, we presume.

Dan Myers, the eccentric Ethiopian comedian, has volunteered under the American flag, and will leave for the South in a few days with the 79th. Mr. W. J. Adams, Banjoist, also leaves in the same regiment.

Three ushers of the Acadamy of Music left this city on Sunday with the Seventy-first Regiment, to do battle for the Union.

T. B. Prendergast, formerly of Bryants' Minstrels, departed for the South on Sunday last, with the 71st regiment.

It is said that Joe Jefferson and Mrs. John Wood are to open at Winter Garden on the 27th inst.

Mrs. W. G. Jones, a very pains taking actress at the New Bowery, will take a benefit at that house on Tuesday evening, 23d inst. Let her have a crowded house, boys. Mr. J. Nunan, at the same house, will take a benefit on Friday evening, 26th inst.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

The farewell benefit of Miss Sallie St. Clair took place at the Columbus, Ohio, Theatre, on the 19th, on which occasion Miss Sallie recited an original ode to the American flag.

Spaulding (not the glue man) gave a gift concert in Pine's Hall, Poughkeepsie, April 18th.

The Excelsior Glass Blowers opened in Kingston, N. Y., on the 17th, for eight days.

Mr. Charles Dillon is still performing at the Boston Museum. He has done, thus far, fairly.

Mr. Davis, the popular stage manager at Burtis' Varieties, had a splendid house for his benefit on the 16th, the place being packed. In addition to the regular company, Miss Walby, Mr. Nichols and son, and the Mettee Brothers volunteered. A burlesque on Richard III. was produced, in which Mrs. Davis appeared as Richmond, attired in one of the most magnificent dresses ever seen upon the stage. The performances were very satisfactory.

Despite the unpropitious weather and the "soundings of bloody war," Frank Rivers's Melodeon at Philadelphia, has done a good business the past week. W. Smith, the "Champion Bone Player," is added to the company, and his performances are received nightly with applause. Thursday evening, 25th inst., is set down for the first benefit of Mr. G. R. Edeson, comedian. The new Fairy Extravaganza entitled "The Knight and the Princess," will be produced for the first time on this occasion.

Mr. Joseph Proctor opened at the Dundee, Scotland, Theatre, on the 1st inst., as Damon, in which character he won golden opinions. The provincial press accord him the merits of "being a tragic actor without fault," and speak of his King Lear as "a genuine piece of histrionic art such as is seldom witnessed by a provincial audience." King Lear was repeated, so great was the desire to witness the "British King," so powerfully rendered by the American actor.

We are glad to hear from Mr. Unsworth that he has been doing the biggest kind of business since he started out with his minstrels. In Buffalo, they performed three nights, one of them rainy, and the aggregate receipts amounted to $570. This is certainly a most excellent account, and we sincerely trust this success may continue to attend the performances of Unsworth's Minstrels. Some changes have been made in the company. They perform in Rochester on the 22d and 23d, and in Troy and Albany the balance of the week. We perceive they will soon be in New York.

Geo. Jordan's benefit took place at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, on the 13th, in presence of a "cheerful" house. Jno. Bull was announced on the bill but postponed on account of "unavoidable causes." She Stoops to Conquer was substituted. The summer season is a bad spec, and somebody will be hurt.

The Mobile Theatre Company completed its engagement at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, on the 12th, "without mentionable results." The St. Charles is said to have "gone in," dead as a door nail. Miss Gougenheim starred it with the Mobile Company.

Prof. Heller, who "married a Southern wife," etc., does not seem to have made much by the operation, in New Orleans. He closed on the 15th, and with it the season at the Academy terminated.

Mad. Frezzolini made her third appearance at the New Opera House, New Orleans, on the 13th. On the 15th, Prof. Herrman gave a characteristic entertainment at the same house.

Miss Charlotte Cushman attracted good houses, at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, last week, notwithstanding the war excitement. In consequence of this success, she will remain there all this week, and probably next; Mr. and Mrs. Williams postponing their commencement.

General Tom Thumb and suite visit West Troy, April 22d; Cohoes, 23d; Waterford, 24th; Hudson, 25th, and 26th; Rondout, 27th, and Kingston, 29th and 30th. The General's levees are well attended, probably owing to the fact that he is a "military man."

The Indianapolis Theatre is "expected" to open next month, for the spring season. F. A. Vincent, and Miss Minnie Macarthy are to be the opening stars.

Johnny Booker's Minstrels were at Indianapolis on the 15th and 16th—business fair.

Mad. Inez Fabbri gave some concerts at Indianapolis last week—business queer.

Jem Davlin was at Indianapolis last week with his performing buffalo. He goes with the Antonio circus this season.

Dr. James Thayer assures us that Mr. Hogle—one of the acrobats attached to his show, and who was said to have broken a leg—is well, having met with no such accident as reported of him. We are glad to hear it.

The Sunday Law in St. Louis is being rigidly enforced against theatres, concert halls, and all other places of amusement kept open on Sunday. In consequence of this, the St. Louis Opera House was forcibly closed on Sunday night, 14th inst., the Police occupying the House. Dr. Boernstein has resigned his directorship, dissolved the company, and permanently shut up the house. He intends trying the question of "coercion" in the Courts. The Melodeon, Bowery and other places were also closed. The affair created great excitement.

Wood's Minstrels will open this (Monday) evening, at Palace Garden, Cincinnati.

J. Wilkes Booth opened at the Gayety Theatre, Albany, on the 22d inst.

The U. S. soldiers stationed at Camp Floyd, Utah Territory, who, as we have before stated, organized a dramatic company from among their ranks, continued to give creditable entertainments to crowded houses. On March 20th, the company performed at the Fort Crittenden Theatre for the benefit of Mr. W. L. Crawford. The pieces performed were "Love In Humble Life," "Bombastes Furioso," "The Man With The Carpet Bag," and "Siamese Twins." We append a list of the company: W. L. Crawford, A. C. Willis, M. Donovan, C. Banzhoff, T. Mathews, J. F. Bradley, Tague, Oliphant, Elliot, Woodward, Miller, Smith, Hoard, Kapple, Flynn, Raymont, Mattison; Mrs. Huntington, Mrs Westwood.

With the exception of a ten cent concert saloon, amusements are at a stand still for the present at Wilmington, Del.

Collins concluded his engagement at Cincinnati on the 20th inst.

Miss Amy Sedgwick commenced a short engagement at Bradford, Eng., on the 30th ult.

Mr. Wm. Searle, late stage manager of the City of London Theatre, has been engaged for the part of Danny Man, in "Colleen Bawn," with Mr. and Mrs. Bourcicault, at Dublin.

Mr. Saker, comedian of the Princess' Theatre, London, Eng., expired on the 2d inst., through a virulent attack of the small pox. With that kindly feeling which actors invariably show towards their brethren, the melancholy event was no sooner made known to the company of which he was a member, than a liberal sum of money was immediately subscribed and placed at the disposal of the widow. It is understood that the deceased having insured his life, she will also derive the benefit of his timely prudence.

Mr. John Tayleure, formerly a favorite performer at the Theatres Royal of Liverpool and Manchester, Eng., died on the 28th ult. His widow was for many years a talented member of the Haymarket Theatre.

Ole Bull was to appear at a subscription concert at St. James' Hall, London, on the 17th inst.

The Pyne and Harrison Opera Troupe commenced an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Bath, Eng., on the 2d inst.

Tom Thumb gave entertainments last week in Rand's Hall, Troy. On the 22d he shows at West Troy, and at Coxsackie on the 23d.

A Boston correspondent informs us that Miss Kate Reignolds is shortly to be married to a young merchant of that city.

E. M. Leslie's Union drama, entitled "Anderson, the Hero of Fort Sumter," was performed by four different companies week before last, viz.: Myers', at Manchester, N. H.; George W Pike's, at Norwich, Conn; C. N. Lewis', at Rome, N. Y.; and by a combination company at the National, Boston. Guess the author will have to make another ending to it, as the American flag *had* to come down, contrary to the author's "ultimatum."

B. Nolan, a young Irish comedian, of Boston, leaves the stage at the expiration of the present season, for the purpose of taking charge of an extensive tailoring establishment. "Measures, not men," will be his motto hereafter, though if he "measures not men," how will he make a good fit, or suit in his new avocation?

Harrington, the ventriloquist, has started on his *thirty-second* season, and is represented as doing well. His agent seems to work up the business in an efficient manner.

C. N. Lewis opened the theatre at Concert Hall, Utica, N. Y., on the 18th, for a short season, with the following company:—Messrs. C. N. Lewis, W. S. Forrest, J. Craig, Harry Howland, D. Boswell, T. H Knight, Belfour, J. L. Butler, C Lewis, Miss Emma Cushman, Miss Anne Dillingham, Mrs. Harry Howland, Mrs. C. N. Lewis, Miss Cora Lewis.

Miss Susan Denin was announced to secede from the Academy of Music, Milwaukee, on the 13th inst., her engagement having been a short and merry one, it having commenced on the 9th. She appears to have delighted the Milwaukeeans amazingly. On the 12th, she appeared as Ion, in the Roman play of that name, and as Sally Scraggs, in "Sketches in India." Also, "Sus, gif 'em a korus in Dixie."

An amateur performance by the garrison at Quebec, C. E., took place on the 9th inst. The pieces played, were, "Navy Engagements," and "Two Buzzards." The performers, [including Mrs. Mary L. Berrill and Mrs. Barlowe, announced as "from the Winter Garden, N. Y."] acquitted themselves well, and delighted the auditory.

That old elephant suit is up again in the Boston Supreme Court. The particulars of the case are as follows:—In 1851 while a menagerie company was passing through North Adams, *en route* for Pittsfield, where they were to exhibit, an elephant, then the property of Mr. James Raymond, fell through a bridge and died, as the plaintiffs allege, from the injuries received in consequence. The case was tried soon after, and a verdict rendered for the defendants (the inhabitants of the town of Adams) upon the ground that the town was not required to provide bridges sufficiently strong for the weight of an elephant. Exceptions were taken and sustained, and now the case is tried again with damages claimed at $30 000. H. F. Durant, Increase Sumner, Briggs, Whiting and Russell appear for the pltff. J. G. Abbott, Davis and Bliss for dfts. The plaintiffs propose to show that the elephant weighed less than the usual amount (six tons) for which the statute provides that bridges shall furnish strength—that elephants were not unaccustomed visitors to the town—that if a load of corn of similar weight had broken through, the town would have been liable, and that the town expected the elephat when giving the company a license and charging a fee for the same. No decision has yet been given.

A couple of weeks since we gave an account of the opening of the

up." A brief history of the opening and closing of the little theatre, we here append, for the benefit of future generations:—A tasty and snug little theatre was fitted up by Mr. Alex. Saville, and dubbed the Metropolitan. It was on the second floor of his building, on the corner of 6th and Market streets, Wilmington, Del. It comfortably seated about 500 persons. Mr John H. Steiner, of balloon notoriety, leased it, and engaged Mr. John H. Jack, who got the following company together:—John H. Jack, leading man and manager; Jerry Taylor, juvenile; Joseph Parker, scenic artist and low comedian; John C. Cloud, P. A. Fitzgerald, heavy business; C. O Newton, second old man; Mr. Raymond, prompter; J. A. Oates, Mr Stanley, and James Ricards, utility; Miss Emily Mestayer, leading lady; Miss Raymond, juvenile; Mrs. Eliza Place, old woman; Miss Josephine Parker, chambermaid, singing, &c., during the first three weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, Harry Langdon, Stuart Robson, and F. W. Wier, appeared. Certainly a fair company. The first night the curtain went up to about $110 00, and the houses were fair for some two or three weeks afterwards. The company managed to get part of their salary the first two weeks. On Saturday night, April 6th, there was between a $60 and $70 house, but on that night Mr. John H. Steiner left about the time that the company were waiting patiently for the moneys due. He never showed up, and this unfortunate company, in arrears for board, &c., were placed in a disagreeable position. In this dilemma, those that could get away, did so; but those who were bound there by this hard stress of fortune, were John H Jack, Cloud, Taylor, Newton, Raymond, Mrs. Place, Miss Josephine Parker, and Miss Raymond. In this strait, Philip Stuckey, a New Yorker, but at present residing there—took the house for three nights, with the ostensible purpose of getting the balance of the company out of the town with honor, and liquidating their liabilities. Accordingly, on Thursday night, April 11th, he opened with the shipwrecked part of the company, and enacted the "Four Sisters," the "Soldiers' Return," and "Family Jars," with a dance by Miss Raymond. On Friday night, they played the "Soldier's Daughter," and the "Good for Nothing," singing by Miss Parker, and dancing by Miss Raymond. On Saturday night, the "Seven Clerks," or the "Denouncer," and the "Three Thieves," the "Youth who never saw a Woman," and dance by Miss Raymond, and wound up with a representation of the battle of Farnboro between Heenan and Sayers. In these performances the company were assisted by the amateurs of the town, among whom Mr. John Saville deserves particular mention. The whole of these performances brought in less than $50. Seeing that it was useless to contend farther, the house was closed, and on Monday morning, April 15, the last lessee bid farewell to the company at the depot, and they left for more congenial places. So now, "my lord the actors are gone," and thus we have the particulars of the beginning and the end of this attempt to establish a theatre in Wilmington. Mr. Alexander Saville, the owner of the building, declares it to be his intention to improve the theatre by building a tier of boxes, and otherwise embellishing the place, and has already offered it to Mr. Philip Stuckey. It is generally thought that had that gentleman started the undertaking, instead of the balloon man, it would have been prospering now. But in the fall, when more prosperous times may dawn, it is said to be the intention of the last lessee to open it, and we hope he may carry it through to a prosperous end.

Phillip Ruettinger, a lad of 12 years of age, assisted at a concert given at Pokghkeepsie on the 15th inst., and excited surprise by his performance of difficult pieces of music on the violin.

Signor Arlington, the "stone eater," has been sentenced to six months imprisonment in the Penitentiary at Albany, N. Y., for stealing sundry articles of clothing from the "Empire House," where he had been boarding. We understand that the real name of "Arlington" is O'Neil. He can have plenty of stone to break and eat now.

Mr. and Mrs. Tannehill's benefit was announced to take place at the New Memphis Theatre on the 9th inst., the bill offered being "All that Glitters is Not Gold," and the "Widow's Victim," with recitations, dances, songs, etc. The Memphis papers makes very favorable mention of the merits of Mr. and Mrs. T., and a large attendance was looked for. The last night of the season was fixed for the 10th inst., being one week and a half earlier than was originally intended, that night being set apart for the benefit of the stage manager, Mr. Dawson. It is worthy of special remark that, notwithstanding the premature close of the season, *salaries will be paid for the full term.* No wonder that the company speak so well of Mr. W. C. Thompson, the manager.

Mr. Robt. Johnson, of this city, made his first appearance in Syracuse, N. Y., on the 15th inst., with W. Hough's Dramatic Company. Mrs. Vandeerin also made her first appearance there at the same time. They performed all last week. Miss Nellie Huntley, who has performed at several concert saloons in New York, Albany, Bridgeport, Binghampton, etc., has also been added to the company.

M'lle Marie Olivia, danseuse, appeared at the Pittsburgh Theatre, for the first time, on the 15th, and was enthusiastically received.

Hon. Edwd. Everett gave two lectures in Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, on the 11th and 12th inst., filling the house to overflowing. In the words of a politician, so may it be "where Everett goes."

M. J. Bryant's Dixie Minstrels gave their first performance in Savannah, Ga., on the 15th, to a middling attendance. The company organized in that city.

Belroy's Ethiopians gave an entertainment in Jamaica, L. I., on the 16th. Their next performance will probably be given in the Brooklyn Athenæum.

Business at the Worcester Theatre has not been very encouraging of late, and the season closed there on the 20th, the company opening in Springfield on the 22d. During their stay in Worcester, they have produced the Colleen Bawn, and Romance of a Poor Young Man, but they did not draw very well. Mr. and Mrs. Barrow had a complimentary benefit tendered them by the company, which came off on the 17th.

Mr. Peter C. Cheney, an actor connected the past winter and summer with MacFarland, in Portland and Providence, died in Albany, N. Y., on the 10th inst., of consumption. He had a large circle of friends, who deeply mourn his death.

Our remarks in last week's CLIPPER concerning the reductions some of the Eastern dramatic companies have made in their rates of admittance, viz: 15 cents, seems to have made a few of the professionals feel cheap. Now, there is no need of such feelings, for as long as managers pay salaries, "all's well that ends well." The "boys" are becoming a little too sensitive in these warlike times.

In Albany, on the evening of the 13th inst., Captain John Smith, of the Green Street Concert Hall, in that city, was presented with the horse "Belle Beauty," by Mr. R. Miles, who had just concluded a series of performances there. In making the presentation, Mr. M. made some happy allusions to Mr. Smith, which were replied to by the latter gentleman. The event was quite an interesting one in the history of the establishment, and the audience manifested great enthusiasm during the ceremonies. The company now performing at this house is as follows:—Misses Kate Walters, Lottie May, Isabel, Kate Hieckly, Christy, M'lle. Ariel; Messrs. Jerry Merrifield, J. P English, D. M. Holt, John Cluskey, Drake; Masters Clifton and D. Bryant.

Van Amburgh & Co.'s Menagerie will "probably" exhibit at Fredericksburg, Denton, Easton, and Centreville, Md., on the 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th inst.

We have the following summary of theatrical news from our Pittsburgh correspondent, under date of April 19:—Mr. Couldock's new domestic drama, "Chimney Corner," has achieved a triumph almost unprecedented in the annals of theatrical's in our city, and press and public have been unanimous in their praise of the piece, and of Mr. Couldock's rendition of Peter Probity, a character eminently suited to his abilities, and destined to constitute one of his most effective *rôles*. The play was performed three nights last week to crowded houses. It was well put upon the stage, and the different performers all acquitted themselves with credit, Mr. Mackay deserving particular mention for the admirable manner in which he personated Solomon Probity. He is one of the very best "old men" we have had for years, and invariably well up in his text. On the 15th, the "Chimney Corner" was again presented, but failed to attract more than a fair audience, the excitement occasioned by the war news proving too great to buck against. On the 16th, Mr. C. appeared as Louis XI, to a poor house. On the 17th, "Dot, or the Cricket on the Hearth," was produced. Mr. Couldock personated Caleb Plummer, and it was the worst attempt we ever saw him make—it has been better performed here by a stock actor; why he should have changed it for John Peryb ngle we cannot divine. Mr. Hanchett, as John, was very good, barring his dress, which was not at all in good taste. Mrs. Stetson, as Dot, and Mrs. Henderson, as Tilley, were both excellent. Last night the piece was repeated, together with the new nautical drama "Courier of the Ocean." The latter piece is from the pen of Mr. Harry Lewis, stage manager. It is short, and composed of blood and thunder materials. A deficiency which has long existed in this theatre, has been remedied by the engagement of Mdlle. Marie Olivia, late of Masonic Hall Concert Room, as *danseuse*. She is a beautiful young lady, and an accomplished mistress of Terpsichore, and when the present excitement subsides, will be found to be a decided acquisition to Mr. Henderson's company. To night Mr. Couldock has a second benefit, and on the 20th, concludes his sojourn with us.....The Panametre is on exhibition at Masonic Hall. Owing to the outside pressure, the business has not been very good. Colonel Tillotson, the agent of the concern, has got himself into trouble with the municipal authorities, by stenciling the advertisements of his exhibition promiscuously over the walls of our public and private buildings. He was arrested on a charge of violating the law. To make amends for the "outrage," the proprietor of the concern has offered to devote the proceeds of one exhibition to any charitable institution in the country which the authorities may select, or to tender to the same a "passage" free of charge. The proposition has not been accepted as yet .....Trimble's Varieties also feels the pressure, and receipts have not been so large as on the previous week. Miss Edstrum, actress, is performing there, in conjunction with Carrie Lyne, Andy Glassford, and D G Smyth.....The Rev Henry Ward Beecher delivered three lectures at City Hall, under the auspices of the Young Men's Library Association, on the evenings of the 16th, 17th, and 18th. Houses crowded to overflowing each night, this being his first appearance in our city.....The "Crystal Fountain," a temperance organization, gave an entertainment at Concert Hall last night, consisting of singing, dancing, orations, etc., together with the "Knave Unmasked," and "Jumbo Jum." Connected with the Society is a band of minstrels—known as Dixson's Minstrels—who appeared as dandy negroes on the occasion. House tolerable.....Eaton Stone's buffaloes (trained) arrived here on Tuesday, and were shipped on Wednesday for New York city. They created a deal of curiosity among our people, and their departure on the railroad was honored by a large crowd of spectators. Mr. Stone has likewise several antelopes with him, said to be highly trained.

"Colleen Bawn" was on the boards at the Theatre Royal, Exeter, Eng., at last advices.

Mr. Neafie made a successful *debut* as Metamora, in the "Last of the Wampanoags," at Glasgow, Scotland, on the 30th ult. On the 1st inst. he appeared as Hamlet. The press speaks highly of his performances, and says that "he has a good voice, is of portly mien, and possesses a dignity of action which must adorn whatever character he appears in."

Mons. Martena arrived in Chicago with his troupe a few days ago; but, in consequence of the existing troubles, thought it expedient to disband the company, while he will attach himself to some other concern. He volunteered his services for the benefit of J Whytall, scenic artist at McVicker's, assisted by old Ben Jennings, who played clowa. Martena's wire performance gave much satisfaction.

After completing a two weeks engagement at the Mobile, Ala., Theatre, Miss Joey Gougenheim accompanied Duffield and McLean's company to New Orleans on the 6th inst., and commenced another two weeks on the 9th, at the St. Charles, at the termination of which the company dissolves for the season.

John H. Myers, of Philadelphia, goes with Runnell's side show that accompanies the Sands' Circus.

Mart Flavin is singing at the Jupiter Concert Saloon, Chicago.

Pat Vickers, a retired wire performer, is keeping the "X 10 n 8 Saloon," in Chicago. Pat and Mons. Martenee are to give a trial performance at the latter's benefit, to take place some time this week.

Maby and Nathan's Circus are to start out about the 1st of next month, in Illinois. Rhodes and Lord Howe go with them with an outside show.

Adah Isaacs Menken opened at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on the 16th. It was not certain that she would perform there longer than one week, which is the time for which she was engaged.

George DeHaven's Union Circus will start from Freeport, Ill., the 1st of May.

Leslie's Campbell Minstrels are at Metropolitan Hall, Chicago, this week.

Charley Whitney has been engaged by Spalding and Rogers as their advertising agent. John Williams has been engaged to assist him.

The Metropolitan Opera Troupe—Tom West, J. D. Roome, Charles Coulman, Magician, and Charles F. Seabert—open on Monday night, 22d inst., to have a season of a few nights in various places on Long Island.

Signor Veluti, who was a famous tenor in Europe forty or fifty years ago, died quite recently at the age of eighty years. Veluti is said to have been the last representative of the infamous *Ecorati* or *Castrati*, a class of singers once very common in Italy. He appeared in England in 1825, about the time of the celebrated Pasta, and although he possessed one of the sweetest voices ever heard, there was great opposition to him, and he became very unpopular.

CARD.—Boston, April 18th, 1861.—FRANK QUEEN—I was much surprised to-day, to see in the CLIPPER an unfair statement in regard to Mr. Goodwin, from one of your correspondents. It was in effect, that Mr. Goodwin was acting dishonorably in endeavoring to engage talent away from other parties in the business. The statement was false. Mr. Lent engaged Mr. T. King, and his partner Smith, after they had arranged with Mr. Goodwin for the season to travel with Wambold & Co.'s Double Show. Mr. Tom King did receive one hundred and fifty dollars in advance from Mr. Goodwin, and agreed not to call on him for any more advance money; in a few days he [King] wrote on for one hundred dollars more, and I was about to send him fifty dollars, when a letter arrived per Adams' Express, with the advance money enclosed, the letter stating that King had made other arrangements for the season. Now, for Mr. Goodwin telegraphing to performers after they were engaged. Messrs. Morrest & Winning applied some weeks since to Mr. Goodwin for an engagement, and he [being unaware they were engaged] telegraphed to them to come on, when he received Tom King's letter. Mr. King, by agreeing to travel for Mr. Goodwin, and taking money in advance, did obtain money under false pretences, and if he does come into the New England States this season, he may learn what is *legal*; if not, what is *fair*. Mr. Goodwin does not start out himself this season, but has disposed of his establishment to Wambold & Co., who will endeavor to convince the public by the reality rather than vain boastings, what a good show is, and who has got one. Truly yours,

FLINT PEASLEE, Agent of Wambold & Co.'s Double Show.

[We have omitted your reference to Mr. Lent, as the article did not come from him.—ED. CLIP.]

On the 16th, upon the arrival of the train at Springfield, Mass., with the troops from Boston, Morris & Wilson's Minstrels appeared on the ground with their instruments, and sang the "Star Spangled Banner" with fine effect.

Rumsey & Newcomb's Minstrels will perform in Portland, Me., on the 25th, 26th, and 27th inst.

At Taunton, Mass, last week, where the Danier Brothers have been performing, John Denier made an outside rope ascension. The rope was stretched from the top of the Taunton Hotel to the top of Central Hall Building, a distance of some 300 feet, and about 50 feet in height. There was a large attendance from the city and surrounding country. The Brothers start this week for Canada West. W. Warren is business manager for the Deniers.

The tidings of war were announced in the Detroit theatre on Friday night, 12th, amidst breathless emotion. A gentleman proposed three cheers for the Union, and the band then struck up the national anthem amidst great enthusiasm.

A large American flag was raised over the Boston Academy of Music on the 18th inst., where it still waves. We learn that Mr Thomas Barry, the veteran manager, has volunteered his services in any capacity. It is not generally known that Mr. Barry had seen some service in the "tented field" before he appeared upon the stage. He served as an officer in the English army in the Peninsular War. It is suggested that the stage of the theatre may be offered for a drill room.

Philadelphia has also felt the war pressure. Our correspondent, Young Rapid, under date of April 21, writes as follows:—FRIEND QUEEN—All places of amusement in this city have suffered to a fearful extent during the entire week, owing to the all absorbing war cry. At the Walnut, on Wednesday last, the complimentary testimonial tendered Mrs. Garretson by a number of our citizens took place, and the house was crowded from top to bottom. It is an epoch in the annals of the histrionic profession long to be remembered, not only by the fair lessee, but by all those present. At the close of the first piece, the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung by Mr. and Miss Richings, and the company. Peter Richings personated the immortal George Washington; Miss Richings, the Goddess of Liberty; and the entire dramatic company appeared in citizens' dress. The stage was decorated with American flags, and as soon as the first note was uttered, the entire audience, numbering over 2200 persons, sprang to their feet, and stood uncovered during the singing of the national anthem, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and the male portion of the audience cheering. The curtain descended amid the wildest enthusiasm; it was repeated, and for a third time the company appeared in answer to the call. Every other night but this during the week business has been very bad; even Miss Richings' benefit being anything but a benefit. The other evening, Harry Bascomb made quite a hit by introducing several very patriotic remarks in the "Daughter of the Regiment." This gentleman is becoming a great favorite with the habitues of the Walnut. On the 22d, E A. Sothern, the eminent eccentric comedian, commences a two weeks' engagement at this theatre, opening in "Our American Cousin at Home." During his former engagement here, he drew immense houses ..... At the Arch, on Monday last Clarke took a benefit, and was welcomed back to the boards of his old home, since his successful engagement in New York, by a house crowded in every part. On Wednesday, Mrs. John Drew's benefit was highly successful, partly owing to the fact that the one hundred odd dead head stockholders purchased $200 worth of tickets. On Friday Mr. L. R. Shewell took his benefit, and the house was not over crowded. He made an immense hit as John Probity, in the new farce of "Chimney Corner." Mr. Shewell's personation of this domestic *role* is one of the best things he has ever done. On the 22d, Wm Wheatley takes a benefit, offering the "Six Degrees of Crime," and "Belles Stratagem." On Wednesday, Miss Mary Wells takes her benefit; and on Friday, Miss Emma Taylor, "Our Emma," puts forth her claims.....The Associated Italian Artists Company have been at our "Academy" during the week, and warbling to very indifferent houses. This was partly owing to the neglected manner in which the business was attended to; Mr. Gran, the agent, not being very well, put the business in the hands of those who conducted it in such a manner as to make it *de mal en pis*. On the 22d, the last opera [Sicilian Vespers] will be given, one-half of the proceeds, after defraying the expenses, to be given in aid of the Volunteer Relief Fund.....McDonough's Olympic closed last night, and the manager offers the building for one month for the use of military companies to drill in..... I attended all the Concert Saloons, Opera, and Theatres last night, numbering in all no less than eleven places of amusement, and take them altogether, dead heads and all, there were not sufficient to fill any one of our theatres. The present is a ruinous time to our managers, and if the excitement continues to increase as it has during the past week, every place of amusement in the city will be obliged to close. Several members of the Arch Street Company have joined a Volunteer Company, known as the Wheatley Guard, and expect to leave during the week..... Madigan's Great Show and Zoological Institute leave this city on the 29th, and make their first stand at Camden, N. J., where they show afternoon and evening. The following is a list of the company:—Manager and proprietor, H P. Madigan; treasurer, Col. T Allston Brown; advertiser, W. June; masters of the ring, Frank Whittaker and Thos. Snyder; leader of the band, F. Hartman; James Madigan, leaper and vaulter; Chas Madigan, juggler and bare-back rider; Mons. Moreste, the best performer on the horizontal bar in the country; Sig. Winnie, gymnast and equilibrist; Chas. Devere, vaulting on the corde volante; George Delavante, general performer; Charles Munroe, delineator of Ethiopian eccentricities; Moreste Brothers, as the wonderful Motley Brothers; J. W Hall, tamer of the Zoological wonders, and elephant performer; Geo. W. Morgan, general performer; Mast. Jno. Madigan, the infantile wonder; Spafford Hyman, magician; Julian Kent, musical clown and stump orator; Willis Armstrong, performing clown; Md'lle Marie, Mad. Whittaker and Md'lle Ida, also a full corps of gymnasts and acrobats. Sands, Nathan & Co.'s four performing elephants will be one of the principal features of the show.

D. Myron's Company opened at Kingston, on Wednesday, the 10th inst, with La Tour de Nesle, and the Wanderer. The following is a list of the company: Mr. and Mrs. D. Myron, C. Fowell, Geo. Dessoye, G. Howard, W. G. King, Mr. Louis, R Richards, J. Robinson, J. W. Bensel, J. C. Myron, G. T. Wood; Misses Kate and Sallie Singleton, Emma Sanders. They closed there on the 16th, playing to very good houses, but had to make room for the Glass Blowers, who were to open on the 17th. Myron opened at Rondout on the 17th with the "Rose of Litchfield," "The Youth that never saw a Woman," and "Cousin Joe." After playing there three nights, they opened at Newburgh on the 22nd; from here they went to Poughkeepsie, and after concluding there, they return to Kingston.

Christy's Minstrels were giving their two hours' agreeable programme, at Her Majesty's Concert Rooms, at latest advices. At one of their performances Mr. Rainford sang "We meet again," with much sweetness of expression; and "Never mind," by Mr. W. P. Collins; the banjo-duet music-lesson, by Messrs. Collins and Moore; the naval dance, by Mr. J. Howard; and the silver belt jig by the same performer, were especially received with applause. The amusing Nigger Burlesque on "La Sonnambula," by Mr. W. Brough, terminated the performances very pleasantly.

Fanny Storms is in a storm, because her first letter did not reach us in season. However, her epistle of the 17th is just in the nick of time this week, and gives us the items of amusements in Cincinnati:—FRIEND QUEEN—Have just received my CLIPPER, and feel provoked, somewhat, to find out the late arrival of my last; but "try again" is a good motto, and I can wait for its effect with this. The topic of converse, "war! war!!" shall be passed by me, for the dailies acquaint of its dread and horrors; my letter is, as usual, of amusement. Well, why should it not be? Husband comes home with a long face—"Virginia's seceded, and Kentucky's neutral;" confounds the baby for only fretting a little, bless its little heart! As I am of a joyous spirit, I hate a long face; so I almost nightly, after our evening's repast, start him and myself off for the theatre or concert hall. We've had a regular siege of minstrels here—the Campbell's, Wood's, Unsworth's, Hooley & Campbell's, and George Christy's Band. The Campbell's have done fair, while Wood's troupe has greatly fallen off. Unsworth is great, so is Eugene; but as to the rest of his troupe—well, I'll not be unkind; but this must say, I regret to see a falling off in Eugene; he seems not to care to please. It may be my imagination. Hooley & Campbell's followed next, and are now in their third successful week; having had George Christy's troupe to contend with during the second week, they did well, but nothing more; George is the funniest man in the business (of course these are my opinions), but he has grown very vulgar. W. Arlington is like a dancing jack—pull the string and his legs fly any way; Master Leon is a good dancer, but in female personations very bad. Somebody sang "The Old Sexton," but I didn't like the style, though as a troupe George has a good one. The Hooley & Campbell's are here still, drawing the fashionables that mostly visit (except on some occasions) our places of amusement. The music of this company is unsurpassed in every respect. In the ballad portion, Campbell is the star, but I'd like to hear his sweet voice sing some new songs; Mr. Reeves sings sweetly, but his pronunciation is very indistinct, and he attempts too difficult songs. In the Olio department, Master Charles is generally the first to appear; his toe practice deserves a particular mention. Then Ben Cotton, in the ever popular Whitewasher, Old Uncle Snow, receives more encores than I guess he wants—"enough is as good as a feast," aint it, Ben? Next, as I follow a programme, is Madame Fabbrico (Rollin Howard), the best female imitator that has ever appeared in this city, being possessed of an over allowance of voices, two, tenor and soprano, which he uses to advantage in Hunting a Prima Donna: sings Marble Halls in soprano, and Vive l'America in tenor; and I shall here state his patriotic rendition of that song, and the Star Spangled Banner, has never been excelled. Mr. Griffin appears as a manager in an indescribable suit of ludicrous appearance. He is a capital actor, and would do great credit to the dramatic stage. His Tommy Cantterbox, Damon, Macbeth, and comic Hamlet—the latter in the Masquerade Ball—is the best I ever saw on the minstrel stage; his dressing is excellent throughout. With Howard and Duley in the Mummies, I could sit and laugh nightly at them; little Duley is ever the same abused individual, being tossed and pulled about without mercy. I think it's lucky that bruises don't show through the cork. The Masquerade Ball has been a feature of great attraction this week. Ben Cotton is an excellent comedian, and acts as doorkeeper. The first scene from Macbeth is performed and dressed much better than I've seen it done at the theatre; Master Charles dressed Lady Macbeth very tastily, but should speak a leetle louder. Simmons, the banjoist, easily succeeded in making his entrance free, a plan which all the characters are endeavoring to fulfil. When Hamlet is succeeded by Meg Merrilies—the most frightful picture I ever beheld, and acted finely by Rollin Howard, in imitation of Miss Cushman—she disappears to make entrance for Duley, as an Irish woman, who for the sake of entrance to "the raffle," as he call's it, unmercifully leaves her child in the arms of the doorkeeper, who enters himself after her, to introduce the characters in the usual plantation scene of Returned Californians. This troupe seems to take more pains with their performance than any others, being the best dressers, singers, and general performers we've ever had here. I understand they remain even longer than this week; I suppose as long as it pays.

The Sands Circus commence operations at Chicago, Ill., on the 24th inst.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean appeared at the Standard, London, during Easter week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews were engaged at the Surrey for Easter, commencing with the performance of the lively comic drama of "The Adventures of a Billet Doux," in which Mr. and Mrs. Mathews played Major Blunt and Miss Catherine Bright with all their accustomed vigor and *finesse*.

Messrs. Fowler and Wells were giving their lectures on Phrenology at the New Hall, Leicester, Eng., as late as the 7th inst.

Buckley's Serenaders, performing at Nottingham, Eng., were compelled to refuse money, both on the 1st and 2d inst., notwithstanding a prohibitory injunction against the performance of their hitherto successful burlesques. They were announced to give the first of a series of six entertainments, at Sheffield, on the 8th inst.

Howes & Cushing's Circus entered Nottingham, Eng., on the 1st inst., and gave a morning and evening performance in the New Cattle Market; that in the morning being well attended, and in the evening crowded. Tom Sayers was the attraction, and was introduced to the audience as the Champion of the World, wearing the Silver Belt, and illustrated the art of self-defence with Harry Broome [of London], and was loudly cheered. The performance was, upon the whole, of a very stale nature.

A monster show of performing elephants, lions, camels, &c., was expected in England from Russia. The establishment comprises a very large stud of performing elephants, troupe of camels, &c. Dens containing upwards of thirty magnificent, full-grown lions, and tigers; also specimens of leopards; a rhinoceros, a horned horse, and other wild beast novelties, numbering upwards of two thousand different specimens. A troupe of wild beast trainers accompany the exhibition, and some of their exploits, it is said, are most astonishing. The dens containing the animals are of the most massive description, and require an immense stud of powerful horses to convey them through the country.

The celebrated bass-singer, Staudigl, expired painlessly and quietly on the 28th of March, in the Lunatic Asylum of Vienna. The sons of the great basso were around his dying bed. Staudigl was born in 1807, and originally engaged himself in the study of medicine, which he soon abandoned for the vocation which he followed with so much success. He was, moreover, possessed of some skill as a painter, and was an ardent student of chemistry and other branches of science.

A colored version of Billy Barlow is among the novelties on the programme of Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, Boston. They also introduce a new patriotic song, called "Cling to the Union."

Spalding & Rogers' Circus commences operations in Brooklyn and Williamsburgh this week, opening in the former place on the 22d.

Yankee Robinson's Theatre and Circus Company will leave De Ruyter, near Syracuse, N. Y., on the 1st of May.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

THE AVONITES meet every Tuesday evening at 211 8th Avenue
42-3m* HARRY EAMES, President.

A PERFORMANCE for the benefit of Mr. J. H. Hart will take place at Dramatic Hall on the 24th inst. "Love's Sacrifice" and "The Chamber of Death" form the programme.

AMATEURS IN THE FIELD.—It is gratifying to us to learn that a spirit of true patriotism imbues the hearts of a number of our amateur friends. Several have enrolled their names as volunteers, and already a few of them have departed for various regiments. Below is a list of names:—J R Walters, M. C. Burke, J. W Cook, of the G L Fox Club; Sam Everett, W. H Irons, Booth Club; G. Livingston, J. H Hart, Jefferson Club, —— Norton, J. R. Scott Club; H. A. Howard, J. Cooper, G. E. Hyde, H Fuller, A. Cooper, M. Read, G. T. Martin, Burton Club; J. Ferguson, Murdoch Club; G A Grunewald, Rising Star Club; Ed. Cunnion, C. E Mackey, J D Wood, G. McAlear, F F. Fleming, (nephew of W. M. Fleming) P C Florence, brother to W J. Florence, Irish comedian. We expect the boys will give a good account of themselves.

FOUR OARED CREW—WHO ARE THE CHAMPIONS?—New York City, April 21st, 1861.—EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Sir*: Seeing a challenge in your paper of the 20th inst., purporting to have come from the four-oared crew of the George W. Shaw, of Poikeepsie, to row any crew in the world a five mile race for from $1000 to $5000, we, the undersigned, crew of the four-oared boat George J. Brown, of New York City, will row the crew of the George W. Shaw a five mile race, over the course of the Empire City Regatta Club, on Harlem River, for from $5 to $5000, and the Championship of the United States. Now, if they mean business, and are not on the bluff, they can be accommodated by applying at their Head Quarters, at Capt A. P. Green's, southwest corner of 34th street and 1st Avenue, New York City, where they will find men and money ready.

DENNIS LEARY,
JOHN A. BIGLIN,
JAMES H. BIGLIN,
BERNARD M. BIGLIN.

THE LOUISIANA CRICKET CLUB.—At a recent meeting of the L. C. C., held at New Orleans, the following officers were elected:—Messrs. John J Hand, President; Edward Wright and Richard Broughton, members of the committee, and William Cooling, secretary and treasurer. The practice days are Tuesdays and Thursdays, at 3 o'clock P. M., on the Delachaise Ground.

A MAIN OF COCKS AND CHICKENS is to be fought in Philadelphia on Thursday and Friday, the 2d and 3d of May; thirteen chickens and twelve cocks—twenty five on each side, for $100 each battle, and $500 the odd fight. Commence fighting each day at 11 o'clock A M. John Mulholland, of New York, and P. Carroll on the one side, and M. G. Nelson and T. Ingram on the other.

DEATH OF AN OLD SPORT.—From England, we hear of the death, at Killiane, on the 26th ult., of Bob Bowse, huntsman, at the advanced age of 101 years, retaining his faculties to the last. He hunted more than eighty years ago, and was so devoted to the chase, that, although fast wearing to life's close, he took considerable interest in the account of a recent deer hunt. The gentry of the neighborhood, and a great concourse of respectable people, followed the remains to the grave in the old ruins of Drinagh church.

A JURY OF THE RIGHT SORT.—Mr. Mullady, of Alton, Ill., bet $100 with another resident of the place that Mr. Lincoln would not be elected President of the United States. The stakeholder, thinking that Mr. M. had lost his bet, paid over the money to the other party. Mr. Mullady contended that as the States were no longer united, he had won. He therefore sued the stakeholder for the amount, and the jury gave a verdict for the defendant. Mullady feels very cheap.

FREEMEN AROUSE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY MISS FANNY HERRING.

FREEMEN AROUSE—'Tis now your time to wake—
Remember that a country's glory is at stake;
Bethink ye how of old they fought and won,
Led on by the Immortal WASHINGTON.

FREEMEN AROUSE—This is no time to sleep—
If you would right and liberty still keep;
United we will stand, divided surely fall—
Then save our nation's honor—one and all.

FREEMEN AROUSE—Let not your hearts now droop,
And all our hopes be crushed at one fell swoop;
If you but love your country, then be bold:
An honest name is better far than gold.

FREEMEN AROUSE—Be willing heart and hand,
Let not these rebel traitors stain our land;
Protect our flag, and let it proudly wave,
Preserve the Union—and defeat the knave.

E Pluribus Unum.

THE TRUTH ABOUT "SAM PATCH."—HIS LAST LEAP.—A correspondent of a New York paper takes exception to a statement concerning the renowned Sam Patch which recently appeared in an English book, and gives the correct version of the story of that individual's last leap. He says:—

Sam Patch's last leap occurred on the afternoon of the 15th of November, 1829, on a cold, cloudy, dismal autumn day. The heavens, as if in keeping with the melancholy spectacle, were almost clothed in sackcloth. The sun refused to look upon the mournful tragedy. But ten thousand human beings more thoughtless, lined the banks of the river on both sides, perched also upon the mills and houses, and in trees, above and below the high banks, to cheer and encourage the poor drunken suicide in his self-immolation. A scaffold was erected thirty feet high, on the island above the falls, as they then were, standing very near where the saw-mill upon the brow of the cataract now is. From that scaffold poor Sam dropped into the deep water as it then was below. Ten thousand eager eyes watched him as he went like an arrow down against the dark ledge of rocks, a distance of one hundred and twenty-six feet. Ten thousand eager eyes gazed with breathless anxiety upon the spot where he fell, expecting to see him emerge from the water, as he had done most gracefully just one week before, after jumping from the precipice without the scaffold, a distance of ninety-six feet; boats put out below, and sailed around near the spot, ready to pick him up. Ten thousand people, like a great crowd of witnesses, still lining the cliffs, still straining their eyes to catch the first glimpse of any dark speck on the waters, no one daring hardly to move or draw a long breath, for near half an hour, until one by one they began to turn away and give him up, many with tearful eyes, many with words saddened and subdued upon their lips, "Poor Sam—it was his last leap. How foolhardy! How wicked!" And some were heard to say, "How wicked to countenance a miserable man in such suicide! If we had not been looking on he would not have done it!"

For two long hours—at least, until darkness stopped their work, eager men hunted all over and through the waters below the falls, to find the poor remains of the miserable victim of his own folly, but found them not. Next day the search was renewed. Indeed, it was kept up with more or less diligence for some time, and yet all in vain for that season. Searching, dragging, fishing in the waters day after day revealed nothing. But the next spring the body was picked up by some unknown person near the mouth of the river, seven miles below, as it was floating out into the lake. It had lain in the water all winter, had gone down over the lower falls also, and still was in such a state of preservation as to be readily identified. It was taken up and decently buried in a spot of ground near at hand.

A STORK STORY.—An English manufacturer, settled somewhere in Zealand, amused himself by changing the eggs laid by a stork, who annually built her nest on his house, for those of an owl. In due course of time the eggs were hatched, and he was startled one morning by a tremendous row going on in the nest of the parent storks. The male, in a violent state of excitement, flew round and round his nest; the female chattered away, protecting her nestlings under her wings; it was quite evident that the stork was not satisfied with the produce of his helpmate: there was something louche about the whole affair; he would not recognize the offspring. After a violent dispute the male flew away, and shortly returned, accompanied by two other storks, birds of consequence and dignity. They sat themselves down on the roof, and listened to the pros and cons of the matter. Mrs. Stork was compelled to rise and exhibit her children. "Can they be mine?" exclaimed the stork. "Happen what may, I will never recognize them." On her side Mrs. Stork protested and fluttered, and vowed it was all witchcraft—never had stork possessed so faithful a wife before. Alas! alas! how seldom the gentler sex meets with justice in this world when judged by man, or, in this case, by stork-kind! The judges looked wondrous wise, consulted, and then of a sudden, without pronouncing sentence, regardless of shrieks for mercy, fell on the injured Mrs. Stork, and pecked her to death with their long sharp beaks. As for the young owls, they would not defile their bills by touching them, so they kicked them out of the nest, and they were killed in the tumble. The father stork, broken hearted, quitted his abode, and never again returned to his former building place.

AN APPARENT SINGULARITY ACCOUNTED FOR.—It is generally well known that birds are very active agents in the extension of vegetation, and that fruit and flowers are, to a great extent, rendered prolific by the insects which visit their blossoms; but few people are aware of the means through which fish are formed in lakes and ponds which are not connected with other waters. Here also an insect is the principal agent. The large water beetle, which is in the habit of feeding upon the spawn of fish, occasionally in the evening climbs up the stems of rushes, &c., out of the water sufficiently high to enable it to take wing; in these circumstances it has been caught, and on being put into the water, has been found to give out the spawn with which it had gorged itself previous to taking flight, both in a digested and an undigested state; so that on trial it has been found that it produced fish of various kinds.

NO SHUFFLING.—At a ball, one evening, a plain country gentleman had engaged a pretty coquette for the next dance, but a gallant captain coming along, persuaded the lady to abandon her previous engagement in favor of himself. The plain yeoman, overhearing all that had passed, with a frigid indifference, moved toward a card table, and sat down to play a game of whist. The captain, in a few minutes afterward, stepped up to the lady to excuse himself, as he was engaged to another, that he had forgotten. The coquette, much chagrined, approached the whist table, in hopes to secure her first partner, and said:—"I believe, Mr. B, it is time to take our position." The old-fashioned suitor, in the act of dividing a pack to the next dealer, courteously replied:—"No, madam, I mean to keep my position—when ladies shuffle, I cut."

TURN ABOUT'S FAIR PLAY.—A "beautiful" Anthem having been sung in a church at Boston, recently, before the services began, an enthusiastic individual half rose from his seat and was about to cry out "encore! encore!" when the sexton approached, and mildly suggested that the enthusiastic individual was in "The House of God." "I know well enough where I am," was the sharp retort, "but as your minister was loudly applauded the other day, in this same house, it's no more than fair that the Professor's Choir should have *their* turn. They should be *encored*, sir?—aye, sir, *encored!*" But the sexton was resolute, and the enthusiastic individual settled down in his seat.

HARES TAKING THEIR GIN.—The *Gazette* of Cambray gives an amusing account of a party of intoxicated hares. Fifteen of these creatures are said to have entered a garden attached to a distillery in the neighborhood of Lille, and having eaten the bark of the hoops, or some other substance saturated with alcohol, performed exceedingly fantastic tricks, leaping, tumbling, and screaming in the most extraordinary manner. The workmen, who were witnesses of the scene, broke out into peals of laughter, but nothing frightened the hares, who had got their grog on board, and were full of Dutch courage. The whole of them were subsequently made prisoners.

THE DARLING BOY.—Fond Mother—"Well, Johnny, you have said your Sabbath school lesson so well, that I hope to see you a great preacher one of these days." Johnny [squaring off]—"Great preacher! pshaw—I'd rather be a prize-fighter."

A JUVENILE ON TEN PINS.—"Daddy,"

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER SIX.

E. A. SOTHERN, AND EDWIN ADAMS.

E. A. SOTHERN.

Mr. Sothern was born in Liverpool, Eng., in 1830. His father was a wealthy ship owner and colliery proprietor. Mr. S finished his studies at King's College, London. He was originally intended by his parents for a physician, and was placed at the Middlesex Hospital, London, where he remained two years, when a change of views as to his future destination, fixed his attention to theology, at which he remained for several years. During this time he acquired a taste for amateur acting, and his success determined him to make the stage a profession. In conjunction with one or two genial spirits he fitted up a private theatre, where himself and his companions strutted their hour upon the stage to their own perfect satisfaction, if not always to the gratification of their audience. He steadily refused all overtures made to induce him to return to business, until his friends, wearied by constant refusal, left him at liberty to pursue the best of his inclination. At last, having had immense practice, playing all characters, from bloody tyrants and romantic lovers, down to ruddie-faced clowns, he attracted the attention of Mr. Charles Kean, who promised for him a glorious future.

In 1851, our hero set sail from England, and arrived in America. His first appearance on the American stage was in September, 1852, at the National, Boston, as Dr. Panglors in "Heir at Law." Although his *debut* was a comparative failure, he remained at this establishment for three months. With untiring perseverence he continued his studies, and we next find him fulfilling an engagement at the Washington Theatre. From here he proceeded to Baltimore; thence to Montreal, and finally he joined the company at Wallack's, which was his first appearance in New York. He remained at Wallack's for five years, not, however, making any decided mark until he played Armand Duval, in "Camille," in support of Miss Matilda Heron. His finished acting in this part placed him at one bound at the head of what may be termed "trouser" tragedy—*i. e.* tragedy of the modern French school. He travelled West with Miss Heron on a starring tour expressly to enact the character of Armand.

From Wallack's he went to Laura Keene's, and his next great success was Dundreary, in Tom Taylor's "Our American Cousin," a part he literally created. In his whimsical and original impersonation of this part, he at once stamped himself *the* eccentric actor of the age, and as such he now stands indisputably alone in his profession. Mr. Sothern has had a piece written expressly for him entitled "Our American Cousin at Home, or Dundreary Abroad," being a sequel to "Our American Cousin." The piece itself does not merit the name of comedy, scarcely of farce, being an extravaganza as absurd and disconnected as any of the Ravel pantomimes. As a literary work it does not reflect the slightest credit upon its author, but as an incentive to unlimited laughter, it deserves the highest commendation in these days of long faces. There is more fun, real wit, humor, unique action, and characteristic feature in this piece than are to be found in a dozen of the ordinary productions of the day. Those who have been accustomed hitherto to the stereotyped stage fops, regard this personation with surprise and delight. It is, of course, a caricature, but so much nearer to a living reality than the old style of fops, as to seem refreshingly vivid. It is destitute of stiffness, angularity, and awkwardness, and yet is ludicrous to an extraordinary degree.

Mr. Sothern is evidently one of those actors who are not properly appreciated, until their manner and style become familiar to the spectator. His head is nobly formed and admirably placed on his shoulders—his eyes are full of a gifted soul, and his features are significant of intellect to a very extraordinary degree. He seems to know the stage by intuition—I may say, "native and to the manor born." He possesses a genuine merit; is rich and abundant in humor; original both in conception and manner; and strictly faithful to the character he represents. He has some striking peculiarities of figure, voice, and countenance; all of which tend to excite and keep alive the merriment of the audience. He is one of the most whimsical and valuable comedians whose appearance we have for a long time had to welcome to the American stage.

Mr. Sothern is the Robson of America. Can I say more?

Mr. Sothern made his first appearance in Philadelphia January 15, 1861, at the Walnut, in his own French piece of "Suspense."

EDWIN ADAMS.

It is with more than ordinary pleasure we sketch the life of the above popular actor, who is in public and private equally estimable; for such qualities combined, add a degree of respectability to a profession too often maligned by its enemies, and degraded by the members of it, for improvidence, and a proneness to associate with those who neither in station nor intellect are their equals, but who flatter their vanity for the sake of their company. If the followers of Thespis would unite in their endeavors to raise their art in the public's eye, which is ever upon them, by rectitude of conduct, and a studious avoidance of the many temptations to err incident to their calling, they would render it among the most honored, as it is one of the most delightful of professions.

Born in Medford, Mass., February 31, 1834, and like most young men in his profession, Mr. Adams had a burning desire to go upon the stage. He accordingly, at the age of nineteen, called on Wyzeman Marshall, and gave him a taste of his quality in a recitation—the speech from William Tell—"Ye crags and peaks," &c; the delivery of which was done in such a masterly style that that gentleman took quite an interest in our hero's welfare, and forwarded him to W. M. Fleming, who was about opening the new National Theatre in Boston, before whom he recited the same speech upon the stage, with the additional company of a few scene shifters, &c. Mr. Fleming engaged him for utility business, and he made his *debut* as Stephen, in "The Hunchback," August 29th, 1853. He remained at this establishment but a few weeks, having received a better offer to appear at the Howard Athenæum, under the management of Henry Willard; he accordingly joined the company, and opened as Bernardo, to the Hamlet of James Anderson, in November, 1853. During this gentleman's engagement he played "Richard the Third;" and in the scene where the officer is requested to advance his halberd, &c., Young Adams brought down the house (and spear) by saying, with a great deal of emphasis—"Stand back, my lord, and let the *Parson Cough!*" Before the close of the season he joined a travelling company, under the management of E. B. Williams and J. Munroe, and visited the small towns of the New England States; the company soon caved in, and our hero becoming disgusted with the profession, left it, and returned to his former occupation, remaining off the stage nearly a year. The old fire came back, however, and panting for the sight once more of a brilliant audience and the foot-lights, he accepted an engagement at the Lowell Museum as walking gentleman, under the management of W. N. Curtis, H. Jordan and L. P. Roys. He opened as Marcellus, 1st Actor, and Priest, to the Hamlet of Mr. W. R. Goodall. The season closed in eight weeks, and he then visited Philadelphia, opening at the Chestnut, under Mr. Quinlan's management, September 20th, 1854, as Charles Woodley, in "The Soldier's Daughter." Owing to bad business, the theatre closed, and he went to Baltimore, where he was engaged by John Owens for the St. Charles Theatre, appearing as Edward Mapleton, in "The Merchant and his Clerk." It was in this city that he made a hit in the profession, being called before the curtain, and received with tumultuous applause. The following season, 1855-6, he was engaged by Jarrett for the Baltimore Museum, but soon closed to bad business. From here he went to the National Theatre, Washington, with John T. Ford, for the heavy business, and opened as Ataliba, in "Pizzaro," to the Rolla of J. R. Scott; remaining here the entire season. The next season, of 1856-7, we find him at Richmond with Kunkel and Moxley, where he remained two seasons. During the second season he played leading business; his first season he was content to render subordinate parts without any overstrained pretensions; he avoided all unnecessary flourish, and accepted no model of strict imitation. His next engagement was with Thomas Barry, of the new Boston Theatre, for juvenile business, playing the second to E. L. Davenport. This proved the best season he had experienced on the stage, for the instructions which he received from Mr. Barry have done much to elevate him to the position which he now holds in the profession. From the Boston he returned to Richmond to play leading business for the season of 1859-60. Revisited Boston, and played a star engagement under E. L. Davenport's management, at the Howard Athenæum, opening as Rover, in "Wild Oats," June 3d, 1860. On the occasion of his farewell benefit at this theatre he was presented by his friends with an elegant and costly diamond pin; after accepting the gift in well chosen language, Mr. A. was about leaving the stage, when he was arrested by Mr. E. L. Davenport, and presented with a purse of gold containing $125 from other friends.

Was engaged by Mrs. Garretson for the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the season of 1860-1; and opened September 10th as Ingomar.

I can call to mind but very few actors to whom honors equally brilliant and numerous have fallen in so short a space of time—certainly none with the same amount of experience whose acting was more free of blemish. His face is an intelligent and expressive one; his figure is good, but somewhat slight; his stage manners exceedingly easy and graceful, while his voice is flexible, sympathetic, and remarkably musical; his enunciation clear and distinct; and there is an earnestness about his acting that evinces not only talent, but at times indicates the real spark of genius. While he possesses the power to portray a passion, he inspires his audience with the feeling that it is a reality rather than an assumption. With these requisites and cordial elements there is no reason why he should not achieve a proud eminence in a profession to which he gives high promise of becoming not only a bright ornament, but a shining light. He is a meritorious actor, and an estimable young gentleman, two characteristics which are highly necessary in the profession. He has an excellent conception of character, whether grave or gay, lively or severe, seldom requiring the aid of the prompter, and withal, treads the stage with such grace and composure that it is not surprising he should have become a favorite with the public.

Next week, Junius Brutus Booth.

STRONG MINDS IN WEAK BODIES.—Why is it "no go" with some bright intellects? A strong mind in a weak body is like a superior knife blade in a miserable handle. Its workmanship may be ever so finished, its temper ever so true, its edge ever so keen, but for want of means to wield it properly, it will not cut to much purpose. Ambitious youths who intend to carve out fame and fortune with their sharp intellects, should think of this simile, and see to it that their bodies—the handles whereby they are to manage that wonderful weapon, the human mind,—are kept in sound jolated, firmly rivited, perfectly cleansed condition.

THE "ROUNDER."

A SERIES OF SPORTING AND OTHER SKETCHES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JOHN OF MANHATTAN.

NUMBER ONE.

INTRODUCTORY.

SITTING here to-night in the solitary loneliness of my bed chamber, the pale moon shedding its weird light through the window blinds, and casting its ghastly shadows upon the wall, I replenish my pipe—the fond companion of my lonely hours—and give myself up to the reveries it inspires. Memory, that blessed consoler of an eventful and chequered life, makes me captive, and bears me back to scenes of long ago. When a man has passed the meridian of life, and "suffered the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" almost hourly to be encountered in the world; when he experiences the deception and treachery to be met at almost every step; it is no wonder that he looks back with a heavy heart and a saddened spirit, as I do, to the happy, guileless days of his boyhood, with all its treasured memories, hopes, and associations. No wonder that he should forget the selfish pursuits of the present, and retrace his steps, dreamingly, through the dim shadows of the past, to shake hands, converse, and laugh loudly with the beloved and genial companions of his youthful days.

Ah me! A long, sad, and tearful farewell to those sunny hours, when the world seemed an Eden, and the heart was light as the Zephyr that fanned the glowing cheek of the wild dreaming day. The memory of those days is the greatest comfort that is left to us now. The sunshine and flowers of those summer hours have been replaced by a black, dreary, and unchanging winter. But while we turn from the reflection of those cherished scenes and faces, let us pensively bid them adieu, and, with a strong and patient spirit, await the fulfilment of our destiny.

Fondest and dearest to me in this train of reflection, is the recollection of the old "Rounder Club." This club was organized in this city about fifteen years ago; the principal object of its organization being the enjoyment and advancement of social pleasure, its character was unknown to all, save the numerous light and jovial spirits who participated in its delightful reunions of sport and pleasure. The "Rounder Club" was well organized, and its business was well and ably performed. Every officer was competent to fill his position, and the most perfect harmony and good fellowship prevailed among its members. It would be well for half the organizations existing now-a-days if they could say as much for themselves. There were no petty jealousies to be gratified, no mean pecuniary advantage to be gained by one above another. They were a whole souled, generous, jovial crowd in pursuit of pleasure and recreation, which no obstacle within the bounds of decency and propriety would prevent them from enjoying. Its local habitation was in the Seventh Ward, in which most of the members resided, and in which staid old Quaker locality, as it may appear, some of the wildest and merriest evenings of their strange existence were passed.

The Rounder By-Laws were a curious invention. They were the production of a couple of queer geniuses. The man who would not laugh heartily over the reading of that droll piece of composition, might well be considered a hopeless and cheerless case. The prescribed age of membership was from eighteen to twenty five; each candidate was required to present his credentials for good character; and no candidate was initiated who was not intelligent enough to comprehend the meaning of the Constitution and By-Laws. The latter qualification required the advantage of possessing a fair education, and therefore excluded the rough and uneducated from their society. "Harmony and Good Fellowship" was their motto, and mirthfulness and sport the ruling passion of their souls.

Thus organised and constituted, the "Rounder Club" started upon the wildest and pleasantest career it has been my lot to experience. The pleasure they were the means of creating, never gave any one pain, and they were always welcomed by those who knew them, and who spent many a lively and festive hour in their company. I have been associated with other and more pretentious clubs of a similar character since the days of the Rounders' glory, but I have known their efforts to imitate that jovial band to be almost futile. There was more natural smartness and actual talent concentrated in that social circle, than I have ever seen in any similar band of young men. They found me a Rounder, and left me one, and I make my assertions upon an experience long and varied. They numbered among them lovers of almost every species of sport. They owned a miniature gymnasium, and there were many of them who could "don the mits, for fun," and indulge in an occasional set-to that would "open the eyes" of some of our pretentious pugs. They had a vocal quartette, whose sweet voices and merry glees were always applauded and encored by their fair admirers, and others whose terpsichorean achievements many a time carried off the palm at the ball or private hop.

There was Bill Stitsey, that rollicking son of Momus, who presided at the parties and festivals of the Rounders, and who would sit with demure countenance, a playful and mischievous twinkle continually flashing in his fine blue eye, and indulge in an impromptu flight of wit and repartee which even John Brougham could not fail to admire. Poor Bill, I have not seen him for many a day. I hear that his genial heart has bowed down beneath a protracted illness, and that he has grown old before his time. He was a brave and noble fellow. I have seen him hazard his own life more than once to save that of another. Then there was his brother Jake, the very counterpart of Bill, and the Solon of the Club, who thought the jokes of the boys sometimes insane, but who was ever ready with a V when there was a spree on the tapis. Little Jim Dugan, too, who could play three different musical instruments, and who, while accompanying himself on the violin, would perform one of the most laughable drunken scenes, with a song, I ever witnessed. He afterwards became a public favorite. After fretting his brief hour upon the stage, he has paid the common debt, and has been gathered to his fathers. Last, though not least, on the roll was John Galey, who was a perfect travelling library. He could quote from Scripture and the poets from morning until night. He could recite, at a moment's notice, a sensational romance of the most thrilling interest, and could prolong it to any number of chapters or period of time agreeable to the tastes of his audience. In ingenuity of plot and originality of character, Cobb isn't "a taste" to what he was. I often thought that John would make an accomplished and successful lecturer; for I have known him to rivet the attention of young and old for hours, while he related some of his wonderful tales; and I have seen the girls so much frightened after listening to one of his ghost stories, that they would not go to the door to bid their lovers good night. There were others too numerous to mention, who were remarkable for some peculiarity of character, each of whom contributed his own share to the general amusement of the whole.

But, where are those generous hearts and radiant faces now? Where are the constant companions who have gone together, fearless of results, into some of the most dangerous and most forbidden localities on the Island of Manhattan, who could not be scared or backed down by anything from a bunch of fives to a six-shooter, and who have been invited, *feted*, and respected by people of acknowledged wealth and social position? Alas! Time has been busy with them, and the tide of destiny has borne many of them to foreign shores. The dark and silent tomb has summoned a few of them away, and the remnant which now remains of that once chivalrous and sporting little band, have, for the most part linked their fate with the loves of those days, and settled down into the common and sordid materialism of every day life.

But I, the faithful chronicler of their times and doings, cherish the recollections of those happy days, for I am still a Rounder. I shall never forget the parties, the balls, the summer excursions, the drives out on the road, and the wild and splendid sports that characterized their festivals and re-unions. I remember, too, those beautiful summer moonlight nights on the Hudson, when there was not a speck to dim the beautiful clearness of the sky, nor a ripple to be seen upon the bosom of that lovely river, how Case's little Sylph was canvassed, manned, and freighted with the good things necessary for the voyage, and we started through the shadows of those huge rocks and trees that have made that river famous, while the sweet notes of the boat song "Row, Brothers, Row," echoed from bank to bank of the grand and romantic old Hudson.

But those rounds of wild merriment were not always unattended by occurrences which it requires cool judgment and bravery to surmount. They were often fraught with incident, by flood and field, which genuine courage and strong arms alone can overcome. But the true sport is always willing to take the chances, and the Rounders were ready for any emergency. Of those incidents and occurrences, however, I intend to write in future papers.

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER TWENTY THREE.

Good Battle Between Simon Byrne, the Irish Champion, and Alexander Mackay.

ON Thursday evening, the Fancy were all on the alert, to ascertain precisely the spot on which this long-talked of battle would take place; but the strictest secrecy was observed, to prevent the interference of any meddling beak; and it was not until a late hour the route was given, and then all that was disclosed was—"Be ready to start down the Clyde by the George Canning Steamer, at seven o'clock." This was a most ingenious plan to avoid the magistracy, and a very good one to raise the wind; part of the profits being announced by the patrons of the art as falling to the losing man's share. Six o'clock had scarcely struck, on Friday, April 27, 1827, when numerous swells, who seldom leave their beds till ten, were seen bustling towards the Broomielaw, all anxious to have a peep at a mill, which promised, from the character of the men, to be an out-and-outer. A little after seven, the boat, being well crammed, bore off to the scene of action, and landed its sporting cargo at Dunoon Quay. After some difficulty, a piece of ground proper for the thing was selected, and the men entered the ring about five minutes before three o'clock. Byrne, attended by Tom Reynolds and Bruce; Mackay by Crosbie and Henderson. Betting slightly in favor of Byrne. Both appeared gay, and confident of victory. Smiling at each other, while feeling, with as much gaiety as if they were going to dance a jig for a wager. Battle money, £25.

ROUND 1. The combatants approached each other with extreme caution, covering well the points likely to be attacked, and an almost breathless silence pervaded the ring. Byrne was the first to make play, and planted a hit on the left cheek bone, which altered its color. Mackay made some ineffectual attempts at retaliation, but was stopped and countered; the claret was now seen trickling from the side of his sneezer, and a touch of the blue bag under the peepers. A rush to close, a long struggle for a fall; Byrne tried to put his opponent's head in chancery, but Mackay managed to break away. Again cautious sparring, but Byrne popped in a few facers with his left hand in first-rate style; another close, and Byrne threw his opponent a tremendous cross buttock, which would most likely have finished the contest had it been on hard ground. This round lasted nineteen minutes, and quite satisfied all the spectators of Byrne's superior tactics.

2. Mackay came up smiling, and nothing loth; Byrne, as usual, waiting for his attack with as steady an eye as a cat watches a mouse in a hole. Several left-handed favors offered on each side, but rejected. Mackay at last made a rush, but was stopped beautifully; and received a dreadful cut under the left ogle. A close, and Byrne threw his man heavily. 3 to 1 on Byrne.

3. Mackay made some very good stops, and tried to return, but it was no go; caution the order of the day with both. Byrne, in attempting to plant a facer, slipped, from the soft state of the ground, and received, while on the stagger, a teaser under the left-hand day-light, and sported some claret at the potato-trap. This was a kind of spur to Byrne, who immediately planted a blow on the left eye-brow of his antagonist, that had a dreadful effect—a smith's hammer could not have been worse. The peeper was instantly closed, and claret in abundance. In fact, Byrne, who was astonished at the effect of his blow, retired a step, scratched his head, and uttered an ejaculation of pity and surprise. Yet the brave Mackay smiled the instant he recovered the momentary stupor the blow had caused, and faced his man boldly. Byrne told him to give in, as he had no chance, but Mackay's brave heart could not submit to this, and he continued to receive punishment on punishment. A close, and Byrne again threw his man a terrible fall.

4. Byrne, at the scratch, peppering away at the peeper that was yet open, and occasionally paying a visit to the victualling office. In this round, Mackay put up his hand to his snuff box to blow it; but in doing so, Byrne gave him a terrific facer. ("That's taking advantage," says Mackay's bottle-holder. "All's fair in war," says Reynolds.") Byrne again visited the bread-basket, it sounded like a muffled drum, and nearly doubled up Mackay. A close, and mutual attempts "to get into chancery." After a long struggle, both went down without injury. At the close of this round, the umpire of Mackay, quite satisfied that his man had no chance, requested the seconds would take the brave fellow away. This was refused, though it ought to have been done on the score of humanity, he being dreadfully punished. Byrne, fresh as at the commencement, and only a slight mark under his left ogle.

5. Byrne had nearly by this time closed the only garret window of Mackay; and in this round appeared bent on ending the fight by shutting out the little day light his opponent had left, but Mackay was conscious of the darkness coming on, and rushed in to a close. Much fibbing, and in a struggle for the fall, Byrne slipped from his opponent's arm to the ground; whether this was intentional or not, is of no consequence, for it is fair either way. But Crosbie called out "Foul!" and his umpire joining in the cry, caused some confusion; but the other umpire and referee ordered the fight to proceed; Crosbie refused, and Byrne was declared the victor, and the battle money was instantly given up to him by the stakeholder. The fight lasted forty-seven minutes.

REMARKS.

Perhaps there is not a braver man in existence than Mackay, but his tactics are not good; they would have done well in the old school, but cannot compete with the new; if he was under a good master, he might yet be a bright star in the pugilistic hemisphere, for his courage and strength are of the first class, but he cannot, as he is, meddle with such a man as his late opponent. Drowning men will catch at straws, but it is a pity Crosbie practised his stale trick of crying "Foul!" Had he acted differently, a good subscription might have been raised for Mackay. Byrne is a quick, cautious fighter, and stands in a position that enables him to throw a dreadful force into his blow.

DOG SLEIGHING.—This method of travelling has been introduced recently, by Gov. Barber of Dacotah, who went from Selkirk to St. Cloud, a distance of 500 miles, by that style of locomotion. Mrs. Swissbelm gives the following description of the machine and trip:—

"The concern came to the edge of a sled track and tipped over, when the governor took hold of the sled and righted it without disturbing its laughing load, then stepped on behind, and drove off with a flourish on a fast trot. The vehicle is a very thin board split from an oak log. It is about as wide as a chair seat, and eight feet long. It is bent upward in front like a sled runner, and lies flat on the snow.

Usually this is all, but our governor, with an eye to elegance and creature comfort, had a cutter sled built on his, of parchment, with a back high enough to support the shoulders, scroll-shaped sides, and a front curling over. The parchment is supported by oak slips as thick as a man's finger. It is staunch and firm, and yet the whole affair, we are told, weighs but little over ten pounds. In this little bed the traveller sits with his buffalo robes and blankets, while on the flat boards which extend behind him, is strapped his pemican and other provisions. Before him are his four dogs, hitched between two long traces of raw hide, one before the other.

The traveller had a whip long enough to reach the foremost, and usually keeps up a vigorous flogging and shouting. The creatures will travel from thirty to sixty miles per day. Their allowance is one pound of pemican each daily. But often the traveller, who goes well armed, succeeds in shooting game, and thus furnishes food for his steeds. The dogs are all of the wolf species, ugly, treacherous looking brutes, and would no doubt eat their master if they got a chance. A turnout of this kind is a natural and artificial curiosity combined. The governor, as dog-train travellers usually are, was in the spirit of it, and with his mocassins, fringed leggings, red sash, fur coat and hat, long hair and beard, looked like a combination of polar bear and Indian."

CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING MATCH.—In last week's CLIPPER we gave the result of this event, which came off at Copenhagen Grounds, Manchester, Eng., on the 1st of April, and now we give the details:—Upwards of 3000 persons assembled from all parts of Lancashire, the grand stand, and in fact every available spot from which a glimpse of the contest could be seen, was completely dotted with anxious spectators. The event, which had caused such an extraordinary degree of interest, was a match between J. Meadowcroft, of Radcliffe, and A. Jumbo, of Ashton, to wrestle the best of three back falls, Lancashire fashion, catch as catch can, for the sum of £25 a side, and the handsome champion's belt (then in the possession of Meadowcroft.) The belt was originally manufactured by Mr. W. Preston, of London. The betting previous to starting was 2 to 1 on Meadowcroft, but as Jumbo gained the first throw it became the like odds on him, and after Meadowcroft got one in, and made them even, it again veered round, and became 2 to 1 on him again. Mr. Hayes, the spirited proprietor of the grounds, was referee. At five minutes past three o'clock in the afternoon, the men commenced hostilities, Meadowcroft being attended to by John Ross and John Dolan, with his old trainer, Little Watty, whilst Jumbo was under the care of W. Swan and J. Cross (two champions,) of Ashton, and his trainer, Joe, of Nancy's. It was very soon evident that both men meant mischief, as they struggled with each other firmly, but in four minutes from starting Jumbo collared his opponent and rolled him over. After resting ten minutes they again came to the scratch, and after tugging at each other for ten minutes more, during which time Jumbo made some excellent points in getting out Meadowcroft, and at length placed him on his back, amid the shouts of hundreds of lookers-on. This, of course, brought the game equal, every one being at the pitch of excitement, but Meadowcroft being again the favorite. After the usual rest they began the final bout, each man grasping his opponent firmly, determined "to do or die," but at last Jumbo caught his opponent by the elbow and brought him a second time to his "mother earth," thus, of course, placing himself in the proud position of champion at that weight.

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